

**MOUNT SHASTA, BY HAMLIN GARLAND.**

**CHRISTMAS AMONG THE GHOST-DANCERS, BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.**

**Vol. 2.**

**DECEMBER.**

**No. 6.**

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

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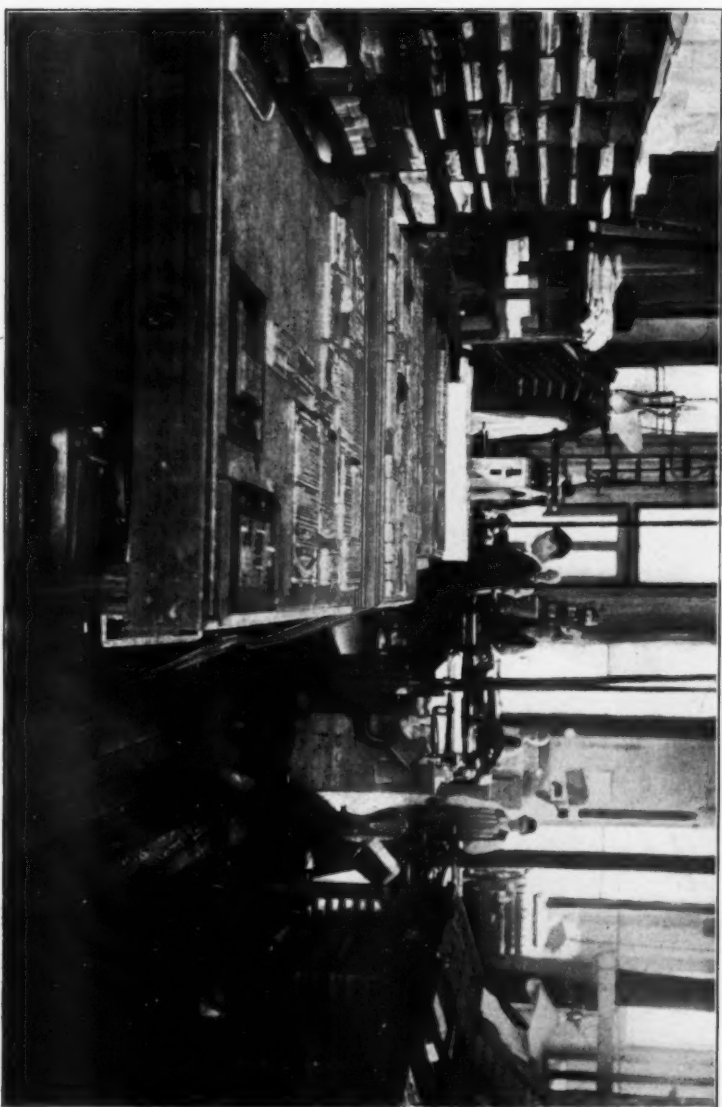
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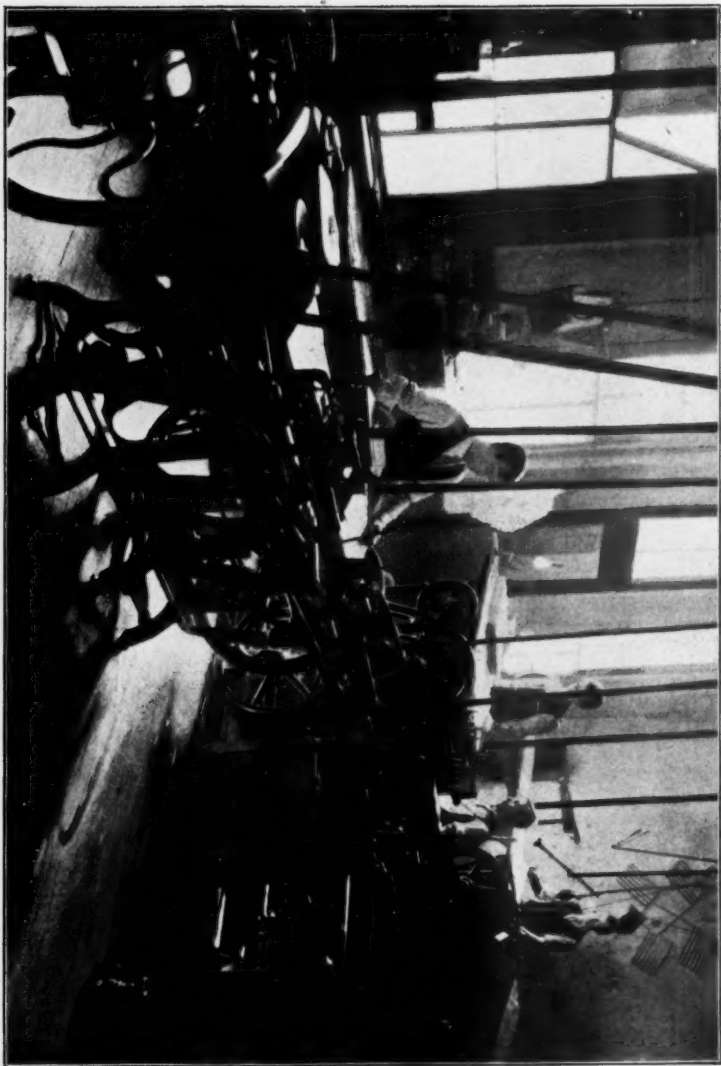
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# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME II.

DECEMBER, 1894.

NUMBER 6.

## OUR PRAIRIE QUEEN.

### I.

Dew-eyed Daisy, veiled in mazy,  
Witching wealth of sunny hair;  
Bright eyes beaming, life-like seeming,  
Smiling in the picture there!  
Prairie flower, full thy dower,  
Beautiful of form and face!  
Dainty creature, ev'ry feature  
Names thee queen of fairy grace!

### III.

Nodding tassels 'round thy castles  
Plume no knights, with warlike lays;  
No enslaving crests are waving  
O'er thy bannered ranks of maize;  
Without measure is thy treasure;  
All our hearts allegiance own,  
And the olden sunset golden  
Crowns our queen upon her throne.



PRAIRIE FLOWER.

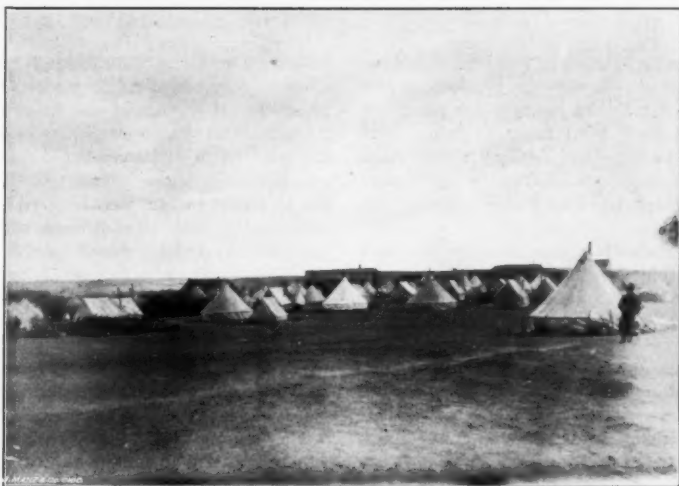
### II.

Silken tresses Cupid blesses,  
For with them he strings his bow;  
All thy glances arrow-lances,  
Aimed by him for joy or woe!  
He is wily; ambushed slyly  
'Tween thy lips, he draws his dart;  
Smiles discover, but the lover  
Finds the arrow in his heart.

### IV.

Hearts are knighted when delighted  
By a word from beauty's queen,  
And are loyal to the royal  
Prairie realm of gold and green.  
Of all nations' fair creations,  
Fairest, rarest, queen of girls,  
Is our fairy of the prairie,  
With her coronet of curls!

*Lu B. Cake.*



"The neat rows of Sibley tents."

## CHRISTMAS AMONG THE GHOST-DANCERS.

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.\*

WAS there ever a stranger, a more touching, a more poetic illusion than that of the Indian Messiah? The picture drawn by the white missionaries of a gentle, a God-like, a miracle-working Savior,—locks of pale fire, eyes of holy blue, a white robe, a flowing beard,—this vision was inextricably blended with superstitions and ceremonies purely Indian, and with the welcome prophecy of an Indian's paradise—an immortal round of hunting and feasting.

It is clear that the "white man's religion," as conceived by the body of this semi-pagan people, and as associated in their minds with the glaring inconsistencies of his character as they saw it, seemed to them something alien, incomprehensible, and unsuited to their peculiar needs. At the same time, the mystic element in the Gospel story impressed their wondering natures; and suddenly, somehow—no one knows exactly when or where it originated—out of their poverty, their sickness, their resentment, their dissatisfied longings, there was developed the conception of the Indian's Savior—the

Christ rejecting the white man, who had once rejected him, and coming to restore his vanished kingdom of plenty to the poor, oppressed, despised Indian!

The Ghost or Spirit-dances, which afterward became so famous, and were so hopelessly caricatured and vulgarized to the public eye,—these solemn, religious dances were merely an after-thought or outgrowth of the Messianic idea,—a form of worship prescribed by the priests and prophets of the "new religion" and calculated to extend its influence as the mere repetition of the marvelous tale, without any visible accompaniment, could never do. The effect was probably greater than any one had anticipated.

Fancy a heterogeneous crowd of people—men, women and children—clasping hands in a great circle; fancy the invocations or prayers, the wild hymns or chants, the loud crying for the dead—all these distinctively national in character—followed by trances and visions as the excitement grew, fed by dizziness,

\*Mrs. Eastman's portrait appeared in *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* for September.

fatigue and fasting! The natural and immediate result was the production of a kind of craze—a frenzy which communicated itself from camp to camp, from tribe to tribe, and finally aroused alarm in the suspicious mind of the white man, who fancied he read the signs of a general uprising.

The first attempts of the agents to check or forbid the ghost-dance were bitterly resented as a species of religious persecution. The leaders were shrewd enough to say, "You have your churches—why should not we have ours? You worship Christ in various ways, according to your consciences; do not interfere with the poor Indian, who is worshipping the same Christ after his own fashion!"

It is a fact that the Christian chapels scattered all over the Indian country were generally respected amid the scenes of pillage which afterward followed; and the "sacred tree" around which the dancers circled was usually planted within a stone's throw of a church.

The Indian agent, having failed to make good his assumed authority to stop the dancing, lost his head and secretly called in the aid of the military. The abrupt

arrival of troops at Pine Ridge Agency, after a hurried all-night march, both angered and frightened the people. I think that this premature display of force did much harm, and precipitated the very evil it was meant to avert. All of the five thousand Indians were ordered to report immediately at the agency, without explanation; and the rebellious dancers, doubtless fearing punishment, fled to the Bad Lands instead, and stole the government herd for subsistence. From that time they were known as "hostiles," while the adherents of the government who had encamped around the agency were called "friendlies."

The autumn glided imperceptibly into winter, and still the prairies were brown and bare, and the hazy mildness of the Indian summer extended on to Christmas and later. No one had ever known such a "spell" of unseasonably warm weather, and it was a curious triumph for the followers of the new Messiah, who had prophesied that so long as they continued to dance there would be no snow!

Their ceremonies were always held out of doors, and as a matter of course would become impossible in an ordinary Dakota



"A buffalo-coated sentinel faced us at every turn."





"The Indians gathered in little groups to watch the troops parade."

winter. As it was, they were kept up with increasing fervor. During the summer there had been a gradual revival of Indian dress, and of many old customs grown nearly obsolete. Bows and arrows were manufactured and used as they had not been for years; but the more effective rifles were by no means discarded.

A woman, recovering from one of these trances, had announced that all must wear a peculiar garment, which she had been told in a vision how to make. Such was the origin of the "ghost-shirt" or robe. The material was unbleached cotton, in default of the more appropriate new-tanned deer-skin, and the decorations were of fringes and symbolic painted figures. There is no doubt that many had faith in the unfortunate superstition which soon arose, to the effect that these sacred garments were bullet-proof.

I look back now upon that Christmas season of 1890-91 as upon a dream. Even at the time, it seemed unreal. The pageant of war all about us—the neat rows of Sibley tents, the trenches and breast-works, the buffalo-coated sentinel who faced us at every turn—all this where there had been no "outbreak" at all, and

none as we believed was threatened, had a very singular effect. The Indians gathered every day in little groups to watch the troops parade, as if it had been a show provided for their amusement!

We tried to go on with our occupations as usual. The accustomed preparations were made for the Christmas festival. Cedar was woven into garlands, the Christmas anthems were practiced nightly, great boxes of toys and clothing were opened and sorted for distribution—all with assumed cheerfulness, but not without a secret sense of dread and anxiety.

A Christmas tree of generous size had been set up in the Episcopal chapel at the agency, and it was arranged to dress it on several successive nights, for the numerous congregations represented in the "friendly" encampment. In the meantime, a detachment of troops had been sent out to meet and disarm Big Foot's approaching band; but we on the frontier knew nothing of the plans of the commanding officer—knew almost less than the readers of the New York papers about what was happening in our midst.

We were labeling gifts and filling candy-bags for the children when the first flying

rumors reached us of the carnage at Wounded Knee. These early reports were even worse than the reality, for we understood that the cavalry had been cut off from reaching the agency—Wounded Knee creek is eighteen miles distant—and that we were at the mercy of a maddened horde of Indians. Many of the "friendlies" deserted when they heard of the dreadful massacre of their women and children, and it is not at all strange that neighboring cabins were fired, and shots directed at the agency before night. The strange thing to my mind is, that we were not, as we had fully expected to be, the victims of a concerted night attack.

At ten o'clock in the evening the Seventh cavalry came in with their own wounded, and some thirty wounded Indian prisoners, more than half of them women and children, moaning with anguish, chilled, half-starved and wholly broken-hearted—for out of each family, as a rule, there were but one or two survivors.

We gathered the poor creatures into the chapel, with its ropes of fragrant cedar and its loaded Christmas tree, and there they were warmed and fed, their ghastly wounds were dressed, and there for many days we cared for the suffering and the dying—for many of the injuries were mortal. The benches were torn out and replaced by beds of hay, at first rude and primitive enough; but the little church gradually took on the aspect of an orderly hospital and was placed in trained hands.

It was a strange sight, and one that can never be forgotten,—these poor fanatics lying helpless and wounded, at the blessed Christmas-tide, in a Christian house of worship, gazing with wondering and, after a while, with comprehending eyes at the glowing cross in the chancel window, while they began to realize perhaps, at last, that the white man's Messiah and the Indian's Messiah are one, and that He *has* come to the poor Indian in his hour of need.



"We gathered the poor creatures into the chapel."

## ALONG ENGLISH HEDGE-ROWS. III.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT—AN UNEARTHED ROMAN VILLA—CARISBROOKE CASTLE VISITED.

By G. W. E. HILL.

LYING parallel with the south shore of England, and surrounded by the waters of the English Channel, lies the fertile and picturesque Isle of Wight. Famed in song and story, it is also rich in agricultural resources. There are many pretty towns and quaint and curious relics of by-gone architecture; churches that date their history back to days when the Norman conqueror besieged and conquered Briton. It is a land of resources and of beauty and repose. The ambition of the average American "touring" Europe is to lose as little time as possible between London and Paris, and so he utterly ignores the beauties of southern England. Of the more than a hundred thousand tourists who last year crossed the sea it is safe to say that less than a hundred visited the Isle of Wight.

It is a most delightful trip from Victoria Station, London, to Portsmouth, and thence by steamer to Ryde Pier-head, five miles distant across the waters of the Spithead. The waters of the Channel lying between the English mainland and the island are called by different names, to the east the Spithead and to the west the Solent. The recent races for the American cup took place in the Solent, off Cowes Harbor. Ryde and Portsmouth are the nearest seaports on opposite sides of the Channel and lie four and a half miles apart. Every American traveler in Great Britain has noted this circumstance: You take passage at any one of London's many stations, Victoria, Kensington, Black Friar, and, instead of lingering long in and between suburbs, in a remarkably short period you are out among the hedge-rows and cultivated fields of England. After a fourteen days' sojourn in busy, noisy, mighty London, we gladly looked

out from the carriage windows at the beautiful prospect as we hurried by Sussex villages and farms.

We left Victoria Station at 2 o'clock and at 5:30 we were landed from the steamer at Ryde Esplanade, on the Isle of Wight. For a resting place, for a genuine vacation, here is the spot! Here you are fed on Jersey cream and butter, with cheese that fairly melts in the mouth. There are cosy little villas here that may be rented for a small sum, highways like the famous roads that lead to Rome, and domestics well-versed in serving and whose service is very reasonable and satisfactory.

We rode four miles that evening after our arrival at Ryde, out into the green country, along highways where the white privet makes a bank of snowy bloom, by fields starred with dark-eyed marguerites, past meadow-lands ablaze with the dazzling poppy blooms, past cottages all rose-embowered, whose thousand glorious blooms made sweet the air. Along such a road, in the gloaming of that July day, we came to quiet, peaceful, sleepy but beautiful Sea View and to the cosy West-side villa, where we spent one whole, delightful week.

Ryde is a clean, well-kept city. It rises above the sea on natural terraces. Over beyond the town, upon the hill, rise the towers of Appley House. Many beautiful homes are found in Ryde and the town's fine situation makes it the natural port of entry for the island. It is also the chief terminal point for the railway of the island, and thence one may reach the principal ports and towns by rail. There are some five-score of towns on the island, but only about twenty-five are located on railway lines; but the fine coaching system from Ryde makes every town accessible.



POINT-OF ROCKS NEAR SEA VIEW, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Sea View, four miles distant from Ryde, is one of the many smaller villages of the island. Like all seashore towns it is built facing the sea. It stands upon natural terraces and the villas upon the upper terrace are fully two hundred feet above the Esplanade. The little village faces to the north and the outlook from my corner was most delightful. Below the hill and just above the level of the sea stretches the broad Esplanade where on summer days hundreds of happy children gambol, for this is one of English upper-tendom's great resorts. Past the villa reaches the highway leading down by the beautiful "Walk to the Sea," and in the quiet evening hours we found this a most delightful road to traverse.

Through breaks between the trees we catch glimpses of the sea as we go; and, finally, when we reach the Esplanade, just before us is the pier, a wonderfully delicate suspension bridge swung from piers in mid-air and so light in its construction as to easily sway in the passing breeze. This pier reaches out some twelve or fifteen hundred feet and to deep water and accomodates the larger boats that ply the Channel.

Over beyond our villa and still above it are rose-embowered cottages and at the intersection of the highways is Rose Villa. Whenever we passed this point we were inexpressibly delighted at the bewildering mass of Gloria de Dijon and Maréchal Niel roses. Near by is Nettle-stone Green where picnic parties come every day during the season. Here we saw the sons of the nobility who were serving in Her Majesty's ship and had a day off for picnicking on land. They looked quite like other well-born, well-fed, highly-trained youths.

The same day came a great ship-load of Southampton's paupers, and as we sat beneath the shadow of a spreading beech tree and watched the maneuvers of the fresh, vigorous young athletes and the stolid indifference of the crippled and too often demented poor, we said: "Yes, blood will tell in more ways than one"; and later, when they re-embarked, we stood upon the suspension bridge below and strove to study and to solve the social problem,—here on one hand a body of clean and well-featured boys, and on the other hand a typical picture of "Darkest England."

The fluctuation of the tides at Ryde is about twenty feet and the pier-head extends two thousand three hundred feet into the Channel before it reaches deep water.

The island attains an elevation of about seven hundred feet near the center, and from the summit of these chalky downs one looks out across beautiful valley lands. To the south lies the English Channel, and over beyond, like a cloud lying low along the horizon, is the coast of fair France. To the north lies the Solent and, beyond, are the chalky cliffs of England. Away to the northwest the white towers of Osborne House lift above the trees; and near by is Farringdon Castle, where the poet laureate, Tennyson, dwelt. To the west are the red-tiled roofs of quaint old Newport. Lying low within a little valley is Brading, former home of "Little Jane," whose sweet, Christian life left its impress upon a whole people.

From this height we heard the skylark trill its wondrous roundelay. As we walked across the chalky down we disturbed him as he sat basking in the sun, and straight out toward the blue he shot, — up, up and away, higher and higher, un-

til he was a mere speck against the blue; and still that flood of melody came earthward, as sweet, as pure, as liquid in its harmony, and yet as soft as though the winds of heaven had stirred an Æolian harp!

Across, in the valley yonder, is a field of emerald green walled in by a hedge of snowy white. Thousands of scarlet poppies grow amidst the grain and the striking contrast between the red and the green made a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

The various summer resorts and pretty villages on the island are very busy during the season, owing to the influx of visitors from the great cities of England.

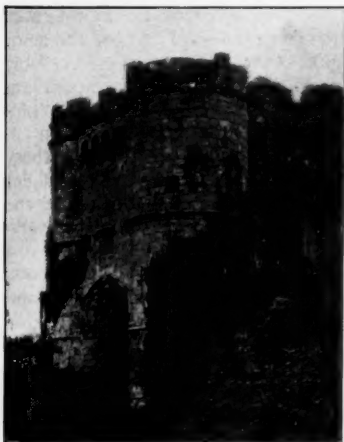
Ryde, Cowes, Freshwater, Ventnor, Sandown, Shanklin and Yarmouth are sea-shore resorts; and Newport, Whippingham and Blackwater are no less popular interior towns. In addition to these there are more than two-score of smaller places where one may wander along the hedge-rows and spend the time delightfully. If you are tired and long for rest where the air is fresh and the outlook combines the picturesque beauty of land and sea, where during the summer there



RURAL SCENE NEAR SEA VIEW, ISLE OF WIGHT.

is a glory of bloom, with the song of birds, with restful pasture lands and well-tilled fields to look upon, go out among the hedge-rows of the Isle of Wight.

One evening my hostess announced that at nine on the following morning the carriage would be at the door to carry us away to Carisbrooke for a day of pleasuring and sight-seeing in and about the pretty village and its quaint old ruins. Promptly at 9 o'clock the driver appeared at our gate and we were soon under full headway. We could have gone by rail



CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

to Newport, and thence by carriage to Carisbrooke, a mile further on; I am glad we did not, one loses so much of the beauty of the scenery, boxed up in one of the fussy little compartments of an English railway carriage.

By the Priory grounds, the church and rectory of St. Helen's and across the high chalk downs of the island, we went en route to Newport, our first stop. What a quaint old town it is! The houses are, many of them, of great age. Some of them have been tenanted for more than a thousand years. The roofs are tiled in red, and the old church with its beautifully proportioned white spire, with its

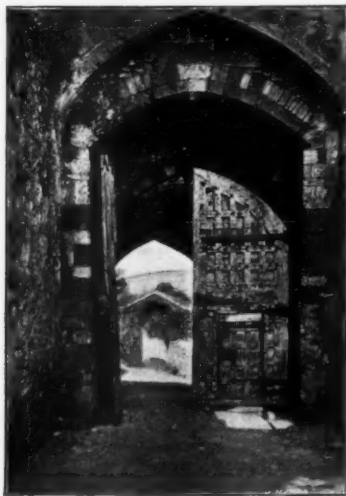
churchyard, where rest the dead of several generations, are all objects of interest. The streets are narrow and the upper ones are lined with little shops, so small, yet scrupulously neat,—a ceaseless wonder and delight! The drive from Newport to Carisbrooke is in the highest degree picturesque and full of interest. By this route kings and queens, soldiers and judges, knights and ladies, merchants, princes and poor seekers after health have traveled for more than two thousand years. Here rolled the chariots of Rome and here marched the armed legions of Normandy. Along this road, where we saw only beauty and heard only the wondrous music of the lark and the sonorous voice of the farm lad calling to his team, the awful rush and roar of battle was heard in other days. Along this road went England's praying king to meet his death, the headsman's ax.

All is now so quiet and restful along these English hedge-rows! The gardens, pretty and well-tended; the homes, rose-embowered; the bridges, stone-arched, and hoary with the moss of years; a charming landscape, comprising small, well-tilled farms with hedge-bordered fields and pasture lands, where meek-eyed jerseys feed,—such is the delightful region one traverses en route to Carisbrooke, the real historic center of the island.

Carisbrooke village lies within a little valley between two hills. On the heights to the south the formidable walls of the old castle lift themselves, while the stately and beautiful Norman church crowns the hill to the north. The village is an ideal country town. The houses, gardens and streets are well tended. A limpid stream, an arm of the Medina, clear and cold, ripples along right through the heart of the village, and turns the water-wheel in the old mill below the town. A shaded path, with primitive stile, leads to the castle above.

The fine, old church, Norman in architecture, dates back seven hundred years. It is a strong and well-built structure. About the church is the "God's acre" and many a strange and curious epitaph





THE OLD GATE OF CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

commemorates deeds of valor and kindly lives. The village and castle are inwrought with the history of the island.

The occupancy of the island and the fortifications date back to the very earliest knowledge of the Britons. Subjected to all the horrors of invasion, lying just in the track of all travel between the north and the south, time and again its fields were laid bare by invading armies. At least two thousand years have passed since Carisbrooke was first fortified with rude earthworks, and an effort was made by the islanders to defend their homes. Celts, Romans, Saxons and Normans were in turn possessors of the island. At last it became the property of Lord Osborne, and thereafter comparative peace reigned. Caesar's forces landed on the island in 55 B. C. Many indications are found in many parts of the island to substantiate this claim and to prove that the island was at one time occupied by the Romans.

In Carisbrooke village are the remains of a Roman villa, uncovered in 1859. The ruin consists of several rooms, the floors laid in tile and one room in beautiful mosaic. Remnants of the wall from one to four feet in height are still standing; but,

as they are constructed very largely of chalk, it is only a matter of time when they will be gone, uncovered as they now are and exposed to the varying weather. The entire ruin is one hundred and eighteen feet long and forty-nine feet wide. About six feet of earth and debris was removed at the time it was uncovered. The largest room is 22 x 22. It is paved with red tile in blocks about one inch square. There are eight rooms all told; a room 14 x 14 has its floor laid in beautiful and finely-polished mosaic. The inner court or hall is 40 x 40. Remnants of the furnaces and baths are plainly traceable. Just when this villa was occupied is uncertain, but the island was fully subjugated by Vespasian, in 43 A. D., and by the Saxon, in 530. The coins found about the ruin bear the date of the third century.

The crowning glory of Carisbrooke is the old castle on the hill. The path from the village leads by a steep ascent through the shady woods up to the castle gate. The outworks, a wall about ten feet in height, was erected by order of Queen Bess at the time of the expected invasion by the Spanish Armada. This outer wall



THE KEEP — CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

encloses some ten acres in area. The moat was still outside this wall and long since fell into disuse. An opening in the wall, through an arched gateway, admits you by a driveway, between embattled walls, to the inner gate. This inner gate is an imposing structure; it is flanked by two round towers pierced by cross-shaped loop-holes. The towers are about thirty feet in height, and at their base are deep, dark dungeons. In feudal days there was a draw-bridge, and within the walls of the tower may be seen the groove where the portcullis was raised and lowered. Above the entrance are the arms of the House of York. Passing through this opening by a covered way for thirty feet, we reach a door made of strong, oak lattice work; this door was hung in its place in 1370. It is in two parts, each about 6 x 10 feet in size. It is never opened save for the passage of wagons. The visitor is admitted through the small wicket. Admittance is gained by ringing a bell.

The inner walls are about twenty feet in height and six feet in thickness at the top. By a flight of stone steps you may mount to the ramparts and make almost the entire circuit of the walls. From the ramparts the view of the surrounding country is fine. At the southeast angle is the Mt. Joy tower with walls eighteen feet in thickness, and dark, deep dungeons. The various features of interest within the walls are: The chapel of St. Nicholas, now in ruins; the governor's house; the broken walls of the former prison of Charles I.; the well-house, and the ancient keep. For some time before his execution Charles I. was imprisoned in this stronghold, and they still show the window from which he tried to escape.

One of the most interesting features of the castle is the well-house; it is a small stone building, ivy grown. The well was sunk at the time of Roman occupancy of the island. It is one hundred and fifty feet in depth. At one side of the room is a wheel fifteen feet in diameter and four feet in width; the massive axle of this wheel is the windlass that draws the water; the motive power is a diminutive

donkey that enters the wheel between the spokes, and by constantly striving to climb up hill keeps the wheel revolving.

The keep or strong tower was the last resort in time of invasion. The keep at Carisbrooke is reached by a flight of seventy-two stone steps. You pass through a gate-house very similar to the main entrance, then mounting ten more steps you are within the enclosure at the top of the tower. Still another stairway leads to the parapet walls and here the view is grand.

Over beyond are the white towers and red roofs of Newport with the blue waters of the Medina; at our feet is Carisbrooke. To the west and south are rich, undulating valley lands. Across the channel to the south is the sunny land of France and to the north the rugged coast of England, both plainly in view.

In one of the lower rooms of the keep is a well said to be three hundred feet deep, and tradition says that from its lower depths a passage-way leads outside the castle walls.

Within the castle are the queer little sleeping rooms, the great banqueting hall, the grand staircase, Princess Elizabeth's room and many other interesting features.

When Charles I. was led away to execution he gave his bible to his daughter and said to her, "It has been my great comfort and constant companion through all my sorrows, and I hope it may be thine also." About eighteen months after, she was found one morning in her room dead, from consumption, with her head pillowed on the bible, open to Matt. xi. 28. She was buried in Newport church, and in 1856 Queen Victoria caused a beautiful statue in marble to be placed above the grave.

Standing that July day upon the crumbling battlements of Carisbrooke, how I wished that stones might talk! How much these walls had witnessed! The overthrow of Caesar's legions; the struggle of Isabella's forces; the Norman conquest; the trials of the unfortunate Charles I. of England; the death of the fair young princess, a thousand memories hovered about this relic of feudal days!



## FAMOUS CARICATURISTS. I.

"ZIM"—"JESTER TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPADES."

BY CHARLES F. COLLISON.



LAUGHTER, says a recent writer, is the heritage of civilized man, the chiefest achievement of civilization. Truly, nothing so distinguishes the coarse fellow from the gentleman of culture as the way in which he laughs. The degree of refinement to which a nation has attained is revealed in the jests and the laughter of its people. The various stages of a people's development, also, are plainly marked by the character of its humor as expressed through the media of art literature and the drama. It is a particularly significant circumstance, therefore, that the humorous paper, as it exists to-day, is distinctively a product of this century.

In order to be a success, even a humorous magazine must have a serious purpose. This purpose must be chiefly one of reform, to enable the public, both individually and as a nation, to recognize its foibles and to correct them. Without this serious purpose, whether openly professed or not, the brightest and wittiest publication must eventually fail.



"A dear old friend."

With the advent of the humorous paper, creating a new field for artistic talent, has arisen a new school of artists, known as cartoonists and caricaturists.

Prominent among these for artistic ability and versatility and now, perhaps, without a peer for originality of idea and conception, is the subject of our sketch, Mr. Eugene Zimmerman.

If anyone supposes that this "funny man" is a cynical individual with an eye for nothing in the world but its follies and shortcomings, the fallacy would soon be dispelled by one look at the jolly face before us. In it the student of physiognomy will probably see a highly refined intellectuality and a keen knowledge of the world, coupled with a jovial rollicksome good-nature. At all events, Mr. Zimmerman is just that sort of a man, and



FROM ZIM'S SCRAP BOOK.

his works savor of the same characteristics.

"Zim," as he is known all over the world, was born in 1862, in the little town of Basel, Switzerland. Notwithstanding his foreign birth, no one could be more distinctively American than he is,—in his personality and in his works. When he was two years old he lost his mother, and at the age of eight years he came to this country with his father and brothers, who settled in Paterson, New Jersey.

His father was a baker, and "Zim" tells us he worked after school hours greasing the pans and delivering bread to

the silk weavers on the outskirts of the town.

At the age of twelve years he went to work for a farmer, who was also a sort of oyster peddler and general huckster. This man sent him to school in the winter time. He remained with the farmer for about a year and a half, when a "spanking" from the farmer's wife induced him to run away—and his agricultural career was thus summarily ended. Surely, in heeding Solomon's warning, "Spare the rod



EUGENE ZIMMERMAN.

and spoil the child," this good dame wrought better than she knew.

After this he worked again as baker's boy and then as office boy for an insurance and real-estate agent on the astonishing salary of \$1.25 a week. While making "For Sale" and "To Let" signs for his employer, he received his first lessons in art. His aptness encouraged him to adopt sign-painting as his future occupation.

He was now seventeen years old. For three years he worked at his chosen calling under various employers.

At the end of that time some rude sketches which he had drawn fell into the hands of Mr. Joseph Keppler,—at that time one of the proprietors and the leading artist of *Puck*. Keppler

saw in the young man's work the making of a future illustrator, and induced him to come to New York to see him.

Arrived in the great city, with but fifteen cents in his pocket, he went at once to Mr. Keppler and signed a contract with him for three years' work.

During those three years his genius became apparent, and his career as one of the foremost of the comic illustrators was fairly begun.

On the expiration of his contract with *Puck*, he accepted a position on the staff of *Judge* with which paper he is at present connected.

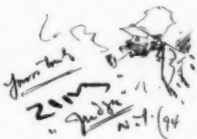
Some time ago Mr. Zimmerman left New York in order to escape the impure city air which proved injurious to his health. Since that time he has lived in the town of Horseheads, near Elmira, New York, where he had spent his first few years as a sign-painter.

The artist's home in Horseheads is a model one. His beautiful residence, built in 1888, after his own designs, is another testimony to the genius and exquisite taste of the artist. His household is brightened with the presence of the artist's wife and two children. The elder, a six-year-old girl, it is said, inherits



"My friend, Hank Hanstein, saying, 'Griss-dunderwedder noch-a-wohl,' all in one breath."

some of the genius of her talented father. The younger is a boy, the son of Mr. Zimmerman's brother, who was adopted by "Zim" at the death of the boy's father some years ago.



hunter, "is to afford all the pleasure possible to the American people." In his life and work Mr. Zimmerman has had an eye single to this high purpose, and in striving to accomplish it

"My aim in life," "Zim" once wrote in answer to the request of an autograph he has certainly been eminently successful.



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SO the guest of honor's left us, and the bard of humor's dead !  
 Ah, the good things that he left us ! and the kind things that he said !  
 Is it true his chair is empty, is it true the voice is still  
 That could thrill our hearts with rapture or bring tear-drops at its will ?

Left us when the lights were burning, and the toasts were just begun,  
 When all eyes were turned upon him, as the sunflower to the sun ?  
 What though eighty years he'd waited — or the rest *had* gone ahead !  
 His "last leaf" had never faded, all his roses still were red !

And the odor of his lilies, filled they not the blessed room ?  
 And the garden of his fancy, was it not this day abloom ?  
 He whose words were like to music that had thrilled us oft and long,  
 Who had warmed us with the wine of thought, the red grape of his song ;

Will he never, never smile again whose smile made strangers kin ;  
 He whose verse was like the foaming wine that newly is poured in ?  
 Will he never touch the harp again that made us all so glad ?  
 One single touch upon its chords had made us light or sad !

Is it true he has departed ? Let us fill the cup to him —  
 To the poet over yonder — where the stars are never dim ;  
 To the bard who saw God's sunshine from the heights to which he grew,  
 And who held the rifted clouds apart that we might see it too.

No, we will not stand lamenting ; keep the lights up as they were !  
 He who loved us still is with us ; take the crape from off his chair,  
 He is only resting yonder till his harp is newly strung,  
 In the new dawn that is lighting, to the new song that is sung.

*S. H. M. Byers.*

DES MOINES.

## MARECHAL NIEL.

ROMANCE OF A CHRISTMAS BALL.

BY CALISTA HALSEY PATCHIN.

DEAR Maréchal Niel, I am so tired!" "Courage! Mademoiselle Marie, it will soon be over."

"It is the same old story. No one ever says anything new to me."

"Is it not rather that Mademoiselle inspires the whole world with the same passion?"

"It is my fault then?"

"Rather it is Mademoiselle's good fortune that all men shall adore her."

"Dear Maréchal Niel, you do not understand. The young man of this day makes love with a brutal frankness. He adores no one. He likes a girl—a woman is a girl to him as long as she is anything—because she is good company. The difference between his new-fashioned camaraderie and your old-fashioned gallantry is the difference between the racquet and the minuet."

"Ah, yes—Mademoiselle has the misfortune to be born in the wrong century. I have ever declared it. If she had but been born years ago—"

"I should be dead now. I would rather be warm and alive."

"How long *does* this ball last, Mademoiselle?"

"One quadrille, three waltzes, two lancers, three polkas, the minuet—eight minutes, three times nine, two times eight, three times nine—fifteen—how much is that?"

Maréchal Niel counted it up slowly on his painted fingers.

"Nearly two hours, and then—"

"Then the clock will strike twelve; the prince will appear—the light and music will melt away, and we shall go home."

And with this Marie Van Steyne furled her dainty pink fan, and held it shut tight in one hand, to prevent making a further fool of herself. She glanced quickly about her, conscious that she must have seemed to be talking to herself. It was not at all the thing to sit staring into one's fan, not even though one stared at a face and a figure which a girl's vivid imagination had warmed into life, and which was better company than any other in the room.

For Maréchal Niel was a citizen of the Pink Fan. The Pink Fan was an heirloom in the Van Steyne family, a genuine Watteau, sworn to from generation to generation. Marie Van Steyne could remember that it had been one of the festivals of her childhood to watch her pretty aunts dress for the ball, the lovely toilet taking on shape and color until the Pink Fan, held in white gloved hands, gave the final touch of faint, wavering color, and the Miss Van Steyne of the house went away down the great stairway



CALISTA HALSEY PATCHIN,  
Des Moines, Iowa.





to the carriage. The pretty aunts were all gone now—some of them were married, and some of them were dead. At each wedding something out of the belongings of the old house went to the furnishing of the new. It was a way the Van Steynes had, of giving as much as they could of themselves to each other. Marie remembered, too, how the next morning after the ball, while the pretty aunt was taking her beauty sleep, she used to steal into the room, and, taking the Pink Fan from the dressing table, look at the people grouped upon it. Fine ladies and gentlemen they were, taking their pleasure in a garden. She used to shut the fan slowly, folding down leaf after leaf, watching the figures disappear. There was a simpering shepherdess with whom Marie had no patience at all. Such a sham shepherdess—only a lady masquerading with a very crude crook. And some of the ladies were sitting in garden chairs; and one of them, in a quaint brocade dress, was leaning against a tree, and a cavalier—Marie was sure he must be a "cavalier"—was pelting her with roses. And other gentlemen with powdered hair, and lace at the throat and wrists of their velvet coats, were bowing in a deferential way that reminded Marie of a great-uncle of hers. She liked the velvet and lace. For Marie had a little drop of French blood in her own veins in spite of the sort of suicide her grandmother had committed when she gave away her old French name to become a Van Steyne. She had only to look in the old closets upstairs to find just such clothes as these.

But there was one figure on the fan which stood a little away from the others, an older man, with what Marie was pleased to call a "lofty mien." Under all his powder and perfumes he stood like a soldier, and when she named all the figures on the fan, from the Simpering Shepherdess up, she christened this lofty figure with a name that out of an imaginative child's precocious reading had clung to her memory like a burr, and called him *Maréchal Niel*. She dreamed over

the *Maréchal* till he grew alive to her. Something in the attitude and expression of the figure made her believe it was a portrait. The others were mere pictures—but this was a person. She was sure that somewhere, sometime, he had lived and breathed and had stood just so, while the artist sketched him. He grew to be her ideal gentleman. The fine courtesy of his attitude and his face pervaded the picture like an aroma.

Once, in a flickering firelight that sent all the people of the Pink Fan into a shadow dance, she detected faint voluntary movements of the hands and lips—the *Maréchal* was talking to himself. After that Marie used to hold long conversations with the *Maréchal*. He told her of Miss Van Steynes—high-bred, cool blondes, with no more use for a fan than an Arctic queen might have, who had carried the Pink Fan in their day and generation merely as a sort of hereditary scepter. These all married in due time. And then he told her of the Van Steynes in whom the little drop of French blood warmed the brunette cheek to crimson, and set the warm heart beating and the eyes sparkling. It was in the days of the warm heart, and the sparkling eyes and the ripe red cheeks that the Pink Fan floated on the flood-tide of pleasure. When she grew old enough to understand it the *Maréchal* confided to Marie the story of one special aunt—one of the warm-blooded Van Steynes—who had been a sad coquette in her day, and came to a broken heart at last. It was she who used to put the Pink Fan through such fast and furious execution of the fan drills that it spent all its time between parties at the jeweler's for repairs. Ah, then it was that the Simpering Shepherdess saw life, and the *Maréchal* himself looked on the follies of a world which he had long since renounced.

What the *Maréchal* had seen! What blanched faces had hidden themselves behind the fan! What blushes might have told too much! What tragedy of tears and bitter pain had been enacted before the audience on one side of the fan,

while on the other side the painted butterfly flew and the bird sang, and the dance went on!

Not that Marie had ever starred in any such tragedy. She belonged to neither the one sort of Van Steynes nor the other. She was neither blonde nor brune. A dash of romance in her temperament was counterbalanced by a saving sense of the ridiculous, that kept her from ever quite making a fool of herself. This infatuation of hers for Maréchal Niel was her one folly. When the time came for her to go out into her world she found it full of simpering shepherdesses, and there were lovers plenty—but among them all not one could compare with the Maréchal for dignity or grace or chivalrous bearing. Instinctively she weighed them all in that balance and found them wanting.

Unless, indeed, it were the landscape gardener, who had come down from the city and worked such wonders in the Van Steyne grounds that summer. It had been noticed in the family that he had remarkable manners for a person in his station, and more than once something in his attitude and face had reminded Marie of the Maréchal. Of late, there had seemed to be always something for him to say to her. That very morning, he had told her of a new rose in the greenhouse, waiting for a name.

"This is the one, Mademoiselle"—conducting her down the leafy aisles of the greenhouse—"this."

Marie caught her breath. No wonder the heavy crimsons were blushing themselves to death with shame, and the yellow rose in the corner was perishing with envy of this new comer, with its great creamy petals and its heart of gold.

"It is a marvel," she said. "It must have grown first on the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"No—I assure you it is absolutely new. It is the first of its race, and I have left it to Mademoiselle to name." He had called her Mademoiselle from the first. She liked it. That was what the Maréchal always called her.

"I don't know what to call it. It belongs to the nobility and must have a royal name. Are there any buds? Let me look. Do you think you can have some half-blown roses for me for the Christmas ball?"

"I will try, Mademoiselle," he said.

"How many shall you want?"

"O, only a few. I will wear no others. I will change the whole plan of my dress, and let this exquisite tint strike the keynote of color for my whole toilet."

"If Mademoiselle will allow me, I will design a dress for her."

"You?—you can paint?"

"A little."

"I knew you must be an artist. How else could you have wrought such miracles of color in the garden this summer? We have never had anything like it, and my father hopes he shall be able to keep you always."

"I think he will be able to keep me." Something in his tone brought the color to her face, and sent her hurrying on to talk of other things.

"O, about my dress. You must not forget the Pink Fan."

"The pink fan!"

"Yes, whatever else I wear, I must carry the Pink Fan. We always do."

"I must see the fan."

"You shall. You will not be half so frightened about the color when once you have seen it. It is such a subdued, amiable pink, and never quarrels with other colors. Wait, I will bring it now."

It was impossible to talk much about the fan without giving a good deal of the family history of the Van Steynes. Marie wondered, an hour afterward, how she could have talked so freely to her father's gardener, telling him all about the pretty aunts who, one after another, had always met their fate at Christmas time, and finally, all her fancies about the Maréchal.

"It is very absurd, is it not? I have never told anyone else." But though she laughed at herself, he did not laugh at her.

"It is not absurd at all," looking very closely at the Maréchal. This is evidently



a portrait. Any art — anybody could tell that. The others may be anybody or nobody — but this was somebody. And don't you know that a real portrait is something more than oil paint? An artist who cannot transfer the individuality of his sitter, the very life and soul of him, to canvas, is not worthy of the name. Don't you believe in the soul of things? Don't you suppose that the words of the sitter, the arrested movements, the half-finished sentences, all produce their impression on this sensitive canvas? And do you think that all those words and movements are going to wait forever unfinished? It is not unmeaningly that we say 'a speaking portrait.' For those who have the senses delicate to perceive it, there is real life there. I do not think you are the victim of your imagination. I think you are a psychometer!"

"A what?"

"Nothing, Mademoiselle, nothing. It is nonsense. Your Maréchal is only a painted picture."

"And what are you?" looking at him with softly flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Your father's gardener."

She colored angrily. Had she needed to be reminded?

"Then go back to your roses." But the words did not sound so rude as they look.

"A white Christmas, dear Maréchal Niel —"

"Brings a green Easter, Mademoiselle. And that is well."

"It is *such* a white Christmas. Let me tell you how it looks from this window. A heavy snow has fallen. We shall not see the bare earth again for days. The wind blows and blows across the level fields, a little snow flies up like a mist in the face of the sun. They have swept the clouds away, and left a great space in the western sky. It must have been out of such a clear, still sky as this that the angels came. It is going to be such a merry Christmas! — I don't mean just here — but all over the world."

"Yes, tell me about that," he said, eagerly. "The great world, the beautiful world! What are the foreign powers doing? I wish to hear of everything."

"Well, you know, I don't know very well, because I don't read the newspapers very much. But I think there is nothing very dreadful going on anywhere. That is why one dares to be so happy. Everybody is."

"And yet I always tremble for Mademoiselle — a little — as the Christmas time comes round. You will meet your fate then, dear child. It is the fate of your family."

"I think myself this Christmas ball will not be just like the others, something is going to befall me. I do not know what."

Such a merry Christmas! The Christmas green hung heavy on the wall. The fragrant smell of pine was in the warm, sweet air, and in its dusky ambuscades the holly burned like flame. The gardener had interpreted liberally his instructions to make the house beautiful. The greenhouses had been wrecked on the rooms. In two hours more they would be full of people; and the hot gas-jets would be throbbing to the music. But now all was dewy and fragrant and dark, only the firelight that glowed on each hearth filled the room with leaping lights and shadows. Through them all wandered a little blue ghost in a dressing gown — Marie was the woman in possession. She might have known better than to hope to find the gardener here giving any finishing touches to the decorations. Had he not always kept himself carefully on the remotest social frontier? She was compelled to confess that whenever the boundary had been crossed, it was she who had crossed it. He had gone back to his roses as she had bade him and had stayed there. The designing of her dress had dwindled to the merest business transaction. He had sent it up, complete, and she had accepted and used it. But when she went to the greenhouse to see how the new roses without a name

came on, the gardener had always just gone, or was just going away. There had been no more confidential talk—no more love glances under the green shadow of the vines. And in this great house where these two were the only young hearts—the time had gone a little drearily. Wandering about through the room and thinking it all over, Marie drifted into the library at last—and on a sudden impulse she sat down and wrote a little note.

"Will you come to the ball to-night for me? And will you wear this costume that I send you? It is a masquerade, you know—will you please stay after the unmasking—till it is all over? This is a fancy—a wish of mine—please don't turn it into a disappointment.

MARIE VAN STEYNE."

It was only the work of a moment to run upstairs to the old oak closet, get the old-fashioned velvet suit that hung there—just such a lace-frilled coat as the Maréchal wore—and send that and the note to the gardener's quarters.

Then she ran up to her own room and shut herself in like a frightened child. Her color went and came; her heart beat quick.

"Oh, if I only had someone to talk to—about things. Other girls do—O, dear Maréchal Niel"—catching up the pink fan that lay on the dressing table, "I have nobody to talk to but you." She sat down on the floor in front of the fire. The Simpering Shepherdess was intolerable to-night. Marie shut her away in a fold of the fan by herself. One by one she put all those fine ladies and gentlemen in solitary confinement—their bright painted faces went out like candles in the wind. The Maréchal alone was left.

"Confess me, dear Father. Do you understand? Do you understand what is the matter with me? Was it a shame for me to write that note? Shall I send for it back? O, dear Maréchal Niel"—breaking down in a hot rain of tears—"I take it all back. It is not a merry Christmas at all!"

"I have seen it all, Mademoiselle. I have felt what was coming. Alas—I do

not know who it is—Mademoiselle has confided nothing to me. But I know that my day is over. I have lived only because you loved me, and now—alas, if I were only a flower, to be ever near you—that you might wear me ever near your heart. Something was the matter with Maréchal Niel. His voice, too, seemed to be drowned in tears. His fine old-fashioned color was fading. There was a painful vagueness about his features.

And then Marie's maid came knocking at the door, and saying that it was very, very late, the carriages were coming, and the roses for Miss Marie's dress had been sent up from the greenhouse. And so Marie put on the exquisite dress, all shaded tints and tones of creamy gold and white, and the roses without a name lay heavy and fragrant on her bosom, and she was shod as though she were to walk the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And what with her haste and her own pre-occupied thoughts, she went down stairs at last without the Pink Fan, which lay forgotten on the floor in front of the fire.

Nothing happened till twelve o'clock. There were a dozen "French gentlemen" in the room. But when the moment for unmasking came Marie's *vis-à-vis* lifted his mask—and she looked across at—Maréchal Niel. The lights all ran together for a moment, and the music had an odd, far-off sound. Then her partner touched her hand, and they went on dancing, and in the first pause he was saying to the gentleman opposite, "Bernard, my dear fellow! You here? Where have you been for the last three months? Out of town?"

"Who was the gentleman opposite?" asked Marie, as her partner took her to a seat. She was looking proud and quiet enough now to be the coldest blonde Van Steyne that ever lived. The question had the faintest tinge of curiosity. Miss Van Steyne objected to being made a fool of. It was her special pride that she went through the world with her lovely gray eyes wide open.

"He? oh, Bernard! Why, he is one of us—I am an artist, too, you know.

He has genius, too. The public hasn't quite found it out yet, but he has. We didn't know where he was—thought he had gone sketching. But here he comes—for you, Miss Marie, I fancy."

And when she looked up, her father's landscape gardener stood before her, bowing gravely and asking her to dance. It was Maréchal Niel, indeed; young and handsome, and bearing himself like a prince of the blood. The facsimile dress emphasized the resemblance of face and figure which had always baffled Marie.

"How could you do such a thing?" she said.

"I think what immediately suggested it was your father's advertisement in the *Herald*. I was starving to death, in a perfectly respectable way, in New York. Of course, now I shall go. Indeed, I was just about to 'give warning.' I felt that I could not bear this much longer."

"Neither could I," she said, impetuously, the little drop of French blood flushing her cheeks and shining in her eyes.

He looked at her.

"Little girl, I shall be poorer to-morrow than I am to-day, because I shall lose my wages as your father's gardener, and he pays very good wages; but if you will take me I will love you all my life, and it will go hard with me if I cannot take care of one little woman."

It was, after all, such a merry Christmas!

"The fan is ruined," said the jeweler.

"Oh no!" cried Miss Van Steyne.

"But look at it. I should say it had lain out in the rain over night. This figure in particular—it is spoiled and blurred, and almost totally effaced."

"What did happen to it, Marie?"

Mr. Bernard, who since the announcement of his engagement to Miss Van Steyne was always spoken of as the

"well-known young artist," was with his fiancée.

"I—I suppose it was when I was crying, Christmas eve. I had the fan. I thought—I was afraid you—I'll tell you all about it when we get home."

She told him all about it.

"And I feel as though I had murdered him."

"Comfort yourself, dear. I think I have just as good a portrait of Maréchal Niel as that was. Look at this."

And he showed her a picture in an old-fashioned locket.

"Who is it?"

"My grandfather."

"And was there really a Maréchal Niel?"

"There was really a Maréchal Niel."

The white Christmas brought a green Easter, and the green Easter brought a wedding and a bride, and a great sunrise of happiness to two hearts. A few days later two idle people were wandering about in the Van Steyne grounds. The crocus beds were pricked with green. The greenhouse doors were set ajar, and the new gardener was talking about his roses.

"There's one in there as hasn't no name that I can find out," he said, "an' I thought I knew roses, too."

"I knew I had forgotten something," said Mr. Bernard. "Come and name the rose, Marie."

She gathered one great, creamy-petaled blossom, and lifted it to her lips.

"Maréchal Niel," she said.

He wrote the name on a little wooden tag, and planted it in the ground by the rose-bush. It looked like a tiny grave-stone.

"Now wear one always," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "that was the very last thing *he* said to me—that I should."



### MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. III.

"OLD SHADY," THE COMPOSER AND ORIGINAL SINGER OF ONE OF OUR MOST STIRRING AND POPULAR WAR-SONGS.

BY C. M. HARTWICK.

THERE died in Grand Forks, North Dakota, September 20, 1894, Blakely Durant, more familiarly known the country over as "Old Shady." At his funeral the remains were escorted by the Willis A. Gorman Post, G. A. R., also by Company F, North Dakota National Guard and the Grand Forks City Band.

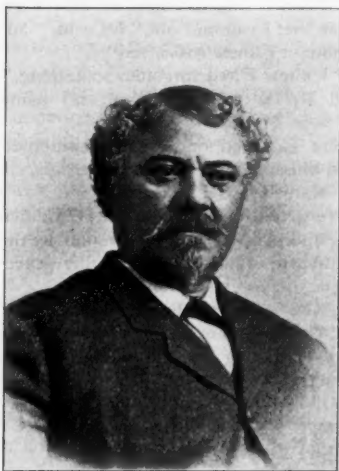
Blakely Durant was born at Fort Madison, Mississippi, a short distance south of Natchez, in 1826, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, in his sixty-ninth year. When he was but a child his parents emigrated to Texas. His father soon after died. His mother removed with her family to Cincinnati, Ohio, when the subject of our sketch was seven years old. At that early day, 1833, there were no public schools in Cincinnati for the children of negro parents. He somehow

acquired a good practical education, which proved to be the foundation of that wide range of information which so enriched his life in after years. When still quite young he removed to Mercer county, Ohio. Here he soon after married. He continued to reside on a farm until the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion.

When the news of General Sherman's death reached Grand Forks, none mourned the sad event more than Blakely Durant, the General's famous "singing cook." I had a talk with him at the time on the fortunes of the war, and on his connection with General Sherman. "Old Shady" then said:

"I saw General Sherman at the encampment in Minneapolis in 1884, but had no opportunity to speak with him then. About a month later he passed through Grand Forks, when I met him at the depot and had a fifteen-minutes' talk with him. At first the old General did not seem to know me, but when I told him that I was really the same 'Old Shady' who had so long followed his fortunes, I thought he would shake me to pieces! He asked me more questions than I could possibly answer, and one followed another thick and fast. That was the last time I ever saw the dear old General, but I have always corresponded with him since, and he has sent me his photograph; also that of his wife. I thought a great deal of the General, and he seemed to think a great deal of me. He was a man who never made any pretensions, but was always very plain, strict and straightforward in his dealings with the soldiers."

When General Sherman's funeral occurred at St. Louis, that same faithful



BLAKELY DURANT. "OLD SHADY."

"Old Shady," true to his love, was there, and none mourned more than he as he followed the remains of his dear old General to their last resting place.

Blakely Durant entered the army as a private soldier, in February, 1862, in the Seventy-first Ohio volunteer infantry, which regiment was in General Sherman's division. He was from the first detailed as cook for the officer's mess. The Seventy-first regiment started from Camp Todd, at Troy, Ohio, and went to Paducah, where the Seventy-first was brigaded with the Fifty-fourth Ohio and the Fifty-fifth Illinois. Colonel David Stewart of the Fifty-fifth Illinois was made commander of the brigade. From that time until after the battle of Shiloh "Old Shady" saw General Sherman almost daily.

Durant entered General McPherson's service soon after the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, going through to Vicksburg.

"Old Shady" was a well-known and popular caterer for various groups of Union officers, among whom he was a great favorite. Generals Sherman and McPherson were his close friends. It was through the corps commander at Paducah that he first met and became acquainted with General Sherman, who ever afterwards claimed "Old Shady" as part of his essential following.

The hero of the famous march "From Atlanta to the Sea" feelingly made "Old Shady" the subject of an extended and very interesting sketch in his "Memoirs of the War," which was published in the October number of the *North American Review*, for 1888.

After the battle of Shiloh, Durant again met General Sherman at Vicksburg, where he was then catering for General McPherson's mess. When General Grant's headquarters were on board the gun-boat, at Milliken's Bend, in the winter of 1863, Durant was detailed as cook of Grant's mess, a position he occupied for nearly three months, during which time he was nightly called into the ladies' cabin to sing "Old Shady" and other songs

for the General and his guests, and there it was that he again attracted the attention of General Sherman.

Although detailed and not expected to serve in another capacity than that of cook, "Old Shady" often found opportunities to show his bravery and loyalty. At the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, when a retreat had been ordered, the Seventy-first Ohio having been suddenly surprised by the enemy while at dinner, "Old Shady," observing that the Seventy-first Ohio regimental colors had been forgotten in the hasty retreat, quietly took his favorite guitar, returned to the old camping grounds, secured the colors and triumphantly brought them into camp; but in so doing lost the guitar which he prized so highly. The officers, however, did not forget his bravery, and soon after presented him with a new and very handsome guitar, which was still in his possession at the time of his death.

In his flattering account of "Old Shady" as published in the *North American Review*, General Sherman wrote of his famous song, "Old Shady," as follows: "I do believe that since the prophet Jeremiah bade the Jews to sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout for joy among the chiefs of the nations, because of their deliverance from the house of bondage, no truer song of gladness ever ascended from the lips of man than at Vicksburg, when "Old Shady" sang for us in a voice of pure melody this song of deliverance from the bonds of slavery:

'OLD SHADY.

'Yah! yah! yah! Come laugh wid me,  
De white folks say Old Shady am free,  
I 'spec de year of ju-be-lee

Am a-comin', am a-comin'.  
Hail, mighty day!

Chorus: Den away, den away, I can't stay  
here any longer,  
Den away, den away, for I am goin'  
home.

'Old Massa got scared, and so did his lady;  
Des chile break for old Uncle Aby.  
Open the door, for here's Old Shady

A-comin', a-comin'.  
Hail, mighty day!

Chorus: Den away, den away, etc.

'Good-bye, Mass' Jeff; good-bye, Mass' Stephens;

'Seuse dis niggah for takin' his leavins.  
I 'spec by and by you'll see Uncle Abraham  
A-comin', a-comin'.

Hail, mighty day!

Chorus: Den away, den away, etc.

'Good-bye, hard work without any pay ;  
 I's goin' up North where de white folks say  
 Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day  
     Am a-comin', am a-comin'.  
 Hail, mighty day !

*Chorus:* Den away, den away, etc.

'Oh ! I's got a wife and a nice little baby  
 Way up North in the lower Canady ;  
 Wont they shout when they see Old Shady  
     A-comin', a-comin'.  
 Hail, mighty day !

*Chorus:* Den away, den away, etc."

Durant thus spoke of the old commander and the old times :

"After the entry at Vicksburg, General Sherman was stationed on the Big Black River, and, whenever he came to town, he would generally quarter with General McPherson. I have always found the General to be a very agreeable gentleman — always approachable, and very strong in his attachments to the soldiers.

"I left the army at Vicksburg, in December, 1863, and returned to Ohio, and commenced steamboating. I settled in St. Paul, Minnesota, having moved to that city in 1866.

"I was portering on the steamer 'Itasca,' running from St. Paul to Dubuque, when General Sherman and his daughter came on board, going down the river. We had quite a time on the guard singing old camp songs for the General."

From St. Paul "Old Shady" came to Grand Forks, nineteen years ago, where

he continued to reside with his two sons up to the time of his death.

"Old Shady" was a fine specimen of manhood. He was a very light mulatto — indeed, he was almost white. He was five feet seven inches high, and weighed over three hundred pounds. He was an exceptionally intelligent man, and a most agreeable conversationalist. For the last few years he did not do any active work, but made his home in the family of a son, a graduate of the State University of North Dakota. Almost up to the time of his death he continued to sing his old camp songs with all his old-time enthusiasm. His wonderfully rich, resonant voice never lost any of its power and sweetness.

Mr. Durant was the father of nine children, four of whom survive him. His remains were taken to St. Paul for burial. He was a highly respected and esteemed citizen of Grand Forks. Indeed, everybody loved him, for he was a large, warm-hearted man, a true friend, a kind and loving parent. He died full of years — and of honors — and a Christian, possessed in large degree of all the qualities which that term implies. The work of Blakely Durant's hands was long since completed ; but the soul of "Old Shady," as it burst forth in song, is immortalized in the memory of thousands who felt its thrill and caught its full meaning.

## A LEAF FROM SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a leaf from Shelley's grave, but still,  
 Within its delicate fold, a charm that made  
 The world seem common grown, and cold ;  
 And e'en the tie of sweetest friendship, old.  
 For one brief day the sordid world did fade,  
 For somewhere, in the Vast, hands touched with thrill,  
 And sad eyes looked a kind and mute surprise,—  
 And I had looked within those great world-searching eyes.

*W. C. Kenyon.*



## PRIVATE JOHN TOMPKINS.

AN UNTITLED HERO OF THE BATTLE OF ARKANSAS POST—RECOLLECTIONS  
OF A BOY IN WAR TIME.

BY HENRY L. CHAFFEE.

IT has always been a source of gratification to me that my memory reaches back to the breaking out of the war. Had the rebels fired upon Fort Sumter in '59 instead of '60, or had the record in the family Bible read "Born 1856" instead of "1855," my recollection of that stirring epoch must have been very indistinct at most.

No wonder these events were indelibly fixed in my mind. The all-absorbing topic of conversation around the fireside was Slavery, Secession, Abolition, Fort Sumter, Bull Run, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Petersburg, all in rapid succession, from 1860 to '65. The last call of President Lincoln for volunteers was considered at dinner, while in the evening war news was read aloud and war politics discussed.

All this was interspersed with thrilling narratives of the war of 1812 related by my grandfather, who was the proud possessor of an honorable discharge from the government, together with a British bullet which had been taken from his foot, both of which he preserved in a tin box.

So "we boys" participated in the campaign of 1860 with all the enthusiasm of young "Wide Awakes," hurrahing for Lincoln until our throats and lungs were nearly and the patience of the old folks was quite exhausted. Well do I remember one day retreating to the house with tears streaming down my face to inform the folks that "those Brown boys" had yelled, "'Rah for Lincoln and a rope to hang him!"

In our youthful imagination we had always pictured "Abe Lin-

coln" as a tall man with an axe on his shoulder, going out to split rails, while we could never quite dissociate Jeff Davis from his "sour apple-tree."

My grandfather was one of the early settlers in northern Illinois. Coming west from New York in 1840 on a prospecting tour, he rode over the prairies on horseback, with only a pocket-compass for a guide. He easily pushed on past the marshy, malarious district around Fort Dearborn, where Chicago now stands, and "wisely located," as he always maintained, "on rolling land, close to timber and water," so close to timber in fact that considerable grubbing was



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Minneapolis, Minn.

necessary. On returning to the Empire State, the household goods and family were loaded upon an Erie canal boat, and westward his star wearily dragged its way. The regulation log-cabin was built, but before the war that had given place to a broad, low brick house. The girls had each had a year or two in a seminary, and had returned with some "new-fangled ideas,"—as my grandfather was wont to say. They introduced napkins and blunt-tined silver forks; said it wasn't "nice" to eat with a knife, etc. To some of these reforms the old hero of 1812 did not take very kindly. Remarks were sometimes made upon the use of tobacco as an expensive and filthy habit, to which the old veteran made no reply, but quietly refilled his pipe, lit it, tipped back in his chair, and proceeded to fill the room with a cloud of smoke more dense than that which hung over the battle-field of Lake Champlain. My grandmother, while resting from the regular duties of cooking, ironing and washing, made butter and cheese in the summer, and in the winter spun yarn with an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. My grandfather also spun yarns of the war of 1812, and of his exploits with the Indians.

In those days most of our time at school was occupied in drawing pictures on our slates of Union flags, gunboats, and soldiers in full uniform; with the "Rebs" always on the run and the "Yanks" in hot pursuit. A bit of red keel gave these pictures a realistic appearance, with fire, blood and red stripes predominating. At recess the war was still continued, the "Black Abolitionists," as we were dubbed, monopolizing one side of the playground, while the "Copperheads," as we sneeringly called them, were made to flock by themselves on the other side. Sometimes we even came to blows, but as "our crowd" outnumbered the "other fellows," we usually had the best of the fight; and it was only when a single "Black Republican" was caught out alone that he was worsted.

Well do I remember the salutation of one of the boys as I came into the school-

ground one morning. "There hain't a-goin' to be no school to-day," he yelled. "Why?" "'Cause teacher's done gone 'listed!" he shouted. "Come on!" he cried; "we're all a-goin' sap suckin'."

Sure enough, our teacher had volunteered; and until the directors could hunt up another pedagogue we were free. Such incidents were common occurrences during war-time. The teacher, the clerk, even the preacher sent in his resignation with scarcely an hour's notice. Political feeling and partisanship ran so high that even the churches were not exempt.

The old rule of the deacons that "in the interests of peace and harmony, politics should be rigidly excluded from the church," was more honored in the breach than in the observance.

On one of the sultry August mornings in 1862 I was overjoyed at seeing about forty real live soldiers in full uniform file into the little church and fill up the "amen corners" on either side of the pulpit. They proved to be a detachment from Murphy's regiment, which was camping on the fair ground, awaiting orders to move to the front.

The room was crowded, and the service was an impressive one. The gray-haired pastor prayed more fervently than usual for the President of the United States and the success of the Union Army. My sympathy was aroused for the soldiers, who were compelled to sit in that sultry atmosphere with "coats all buttoned down before." I wondered if any of them had little boys at home, and if they would ever see them again.

The minister chose for his text: "And the truth shall make you free." I did not sustain any great reputation at home for attentiveness during preaching service, but there was something on that morning, either in the preacher's tone or in the surroundings, that fixed the sermon almost word for word on my mind. "Physical force," the speaker said, "cannot stop the progress of truth any more than human agency can stop the force of the tides." He spoke of "the conflict between Liberty



and Despotism, between Freedom and Slavery," of "the curse of human slavery," and "the irrepressible conflict now raging." "But in all this strife and contention," he said, "the right must prevail, for righteousness endureth forever." In conclusion he compared the slavery of the African race to a worse bondage,—human beings in the thrall of sinful habits; "bound captive to the chariots of the world." The preacher was not called eloquent, but that morning he seemed terribly in earnest, and eloquence has been well defined as "truth in earnest." I overheard an old deacon say on the way out of church, as he shook his head, "Too much politics!" But "our folks" all agreed that it was a "fine sermon",—that is, all but John, who for some reason had very little to say.

It was not long after this before John enlisted. He had been unusually thoughtful and serious for several days, when one hot summer afternoon he walked into the house, having left the plow in the furrow and the team in the barn. The writer was at the time playing soldier in the yard, with a tin pan for a drum. Walking briskly up the steps and into the house as though in a hurry for something he had forgotten, John said, "Well, grandma, I'm going to enlist."

Looking up with a solemn face, grandma simply said, "Do you think it is your duty, John?"

"Yes," he replied.

That settled it with her, for duty reigned supreme in all Puritan households.

The week following was one of unusual activity in our usually quiet home.

The idea of having in our family a real soldier with blue coat and brass buttons gave me a feeling of elation. The older members of the family apparently did not share my joy. The war cloud which had been hanging over the nation had cast its shadow over the Illinois homestead. Enough socks were knit and shirts made for John—to say nothing of handkerchiefs, needle-cases, pincushions, etc., to load down two soldiers.

The day of departure came, the farewells were said, the parting "God bless you" given, and the old buggy, containing John and his older brother—who felt it *his* duty to stay at home and work on the farm, rolled and squeaked down toward the road.

In performing the office of gate-opener, I recieved the last "good bye," and as John stooped down and dropped a silver quarter in my hand, I thought how handsome and soldierly he looked!

After his regiment had gone to the front, the daily newspapers were looked for with even more eagerness, and the office of mail-carrier grew correspondingly important. The interest of the girls in the Soldiers' Aid Society seemed to increase, and the talk about rebel sympathizers was even more bitter than before.

The stereotyped heading, "All quiet along the Potomac," did not always last. The armies were moving; there was fighting in the east and in the west.

Almost breathless was the interest and nervous suspense as the list of "Killed and wounded" was hastily scanned. At last it came:

"Arkansas Post. A Sharp Engagement. Seventy-seventh Illinois in the thickest of the Fight."

Yes, there it was—"John Tompkins, Company A, seriously wounded."

What that meant no one could tell. Supper that night was almost a silent meal. The shadow had deepened to a heavy gloom. The older brother started at once to the front. Was he too late?"

As I remember the battle of Arkansas Post, although not mentioned as of first importance among the battles of the rebellion, it was regarded as one of the sharpest engagements of the war, considering the number of men engaged. It could not be called a decisive battle, but was one of the many preliminary engagements before the fall of Vicksburg. It was February 11, 1863, that the first and second brigades, tenth division Thirteenth Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Jno. A. McClernand were ordered to advance on

Fort Hindman, located about fifty miles above the mouth of the Arkansas river, and garrisoned by about six thousand confederate troops. In this charge the Seventy-seventh Illinois regiment was on the right and front, and Company A at the right of right. The command to advance was given, and up the hill the column swept, directly under the fire of the enemy. It was the regiment's first sharp fighting yet; not a man faltered or turned back.

From the farms, workshops and stores of the famous "military tract" of Illinois they had come. Like trained veterans, with the enthusiasm for which the western volunteers were distinguished, did they storm the fort.

Look! the stars and stripes of the Seventy-seventh Illinois volunteers are waving from the breastworks! Others follow, and in another instant the white flag appears! The fort and six thousand Confederate soldiers and all their arms and munitions of war are captured! The wires flash the news. "Another Glorious Victory" appears in the head-lines of the northern newspapers.

When the smoke clears and the cannon's deafening roar dies away, among the hundreds who lie stacked upon the field, dead or wounded, is "Private John Tompkins,"—mortally wounded. He is found within a hundred yards of the breastworks. Comrades silently and

tenderly bear him away. He is conscious; he talks; he may survive—but no; amputation and loss of blood prove too much! Life's last struggle comes; it is ended; the spirit has left its mutilated tenement!

The day is drawing to a close. It is after the battle. There is no enthusiasm; no excitement now. The music of the bands, the commands of the officers, the volleys from the musketry, have given way to the groans of the wounded, the tramp of silent comrades and the rattle of the ambulance.

There is rejoicing in the nation; but there is mourning in many homes. Another page in history has been written.

Darkness is spreading over the battleground; the sun has sunk out of sight and is shining on more peaceful scenes in other lands. My simple story is told.

It was not gain, not glory that tempted our John to go to his death at the front. The applause and rewards of the world were not his, nor had he expected them. He had simply done what he believed to be his duty. He had given his life for his country,—more he could not have given.

If it had been my privilege to write an epitaph for his monument, I would have inscribed thereon simply this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
PRIVATE JOHN TOMPKINS,  
KILLED AT ARKANSAS POST,  
DOING HIS DUTY.

## A MANITOBAN NOVEMBER.

O! cold and drear the prairie, now the summer birds have flown;  
The rusty leaves all withered by the eerie winds are blown;  
Cold and clear the sunlight glitters on the bleak and barren scene,  
Glancing down through straggling branches o'er brown vistas once so green;  
And the furtive breezes sighing mourn the death of those fair flowers  
Which they wooed in balmy weather in the cool and fragrant bowers;  
Grim and mute the wooded forest, once so rife with cadence sweet,  
Upward reach the trees' gaunt fingers, striving God's warm blue to meet.

*Marie Edith Beynon.*

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA.

## ELK HORN COLLEGE.

THE ONLY DANISH LUTHERAN COLLEGE IN AMERICA.

By ED. S. WHITE.

**K**NOW-NOTHINGISM as a creed will, it is safe to say, never become popular in this great midland country. We realize that our present stage of development is due not to the efforts of any particular nationality but to the work of men from many lands. In common with states adjoining her, Iowa has gladly given over many thousand acres of rich prairie into the hands of men who have renounced allegiance formerly given to Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway; and nowhere has she less cause for regret than in the famous Danish settlement embracing portions of Shelby, Audubon, Pottawattamie and Cass counties,—the largest Danish community in the United States.

Located at Elk Horn, Shelby county, in the center of this great settlement, is Elk Horn College, the only Danish Lutheran educational institution in the United States. It is the proud boast of the Danes that their college dates its existence from the time when the prairie sod was first turned by their plowshares, some twenty years ago.

The site of the school is a fine one, commanding from a high ridge a splendid view of beautiful undulating land that is as well improved as any in the Hawkeye State. The grounds are planted to those everywhere-present friends of the midland pioneer, the maple and box-elder. In a plat of blue-grass cut into a circle by a circumscribing walk are ornamental shrubs, vines and flower-beds.

As to buildings the institution, unfortunately, is not equipped as its growing needs demand. The main building is a frame structure, 75 x 36, three stories in height, and heated by steam. Three smaller buildings are used,—one of them serving as a dining-hall, and another as

a gymnasium. A new building will probably be erected the coming year.

The founding of Elk Horn College was one of the fruits of a movement inaugurated years ago by Danish scholars in the old world. This movement was in some respects similar to that of our University Extension Association, and had for its aim the inculcation of higher ideals of life among the peasantry of Denmark.

For the greater period of its existence this college has been under control of the Society of the Elk Horn Lutheran Church. This society chooses a committee of three, whose duties are similar to those usually performed by a board of regents. The financial support of the school, of course, owes much to Danish Lutherans belonging to the several churches in the settlement. The income



REV. K. R. AUKER,  
President of Elk Horn College, Harlan, Iowa.

from forty acres of land adjoining the campus adds a small amount to the liberal voluntary contributions.

From a mere Danish High School as a nucleus, the growth of the institution has proceeded steadily — until at the present time we find the following courses offered: normal, academic, musical, Danish high school, special English, special Danish, commercial and theological — the latter course given for the first time this fall.

Great stress is placed by the faculty upon the importance of thorough instruction in English.

To carry on the work of instruction requires a faculty of seven members, four using the Danish language in the classroom, and three the English. At the head of this body is Rev. Kr. Auker, who also fills the pulpit of the Elk Horn church. He taught in Denmark for several years and has been one of the most potent factors in the upbuilding of the college. His enthusiasm and executive ability are highly praised. Rev. P. Vig, instructor in theology, was for some time a student at the famous University of Copenhagen. Miss Florence Mack, a graduate of the Iowa State Normal School,

teaches mathematics, science and didactics. Mr. Foght, coming from attendance at the University of Nebraska, holds the chair of Danish language and history. The chair of Greek, Latin and German is temporarily filled by Rev. Mr. Vig. The physical culture work is looked after by Mr. Sigurd Auker.

The total enrollment of last year reached 178. Among this number were students from Massachusetts, New Jersey, California, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. A large majority of those in attendance are of Danish descent.

While making no pretensions, Elk Horn College is quietly and modestly doing a great work for the rising generation of Danish-Americans.

On the flag-staff of the main building of Elk Horn College floats the cross of the Kingdom of Christian IX., reminding the collegians of the land whence their fathers came; but, on the same staff, above the Danish emblem, fittingly float the stars and stripes, reminding them of the duties they owe to the country of their birth and of their fathers' adoption.

## MY SWEETHEART.

"HOW old are you, my pretty face?"  
I asked a blue-eyed tot.  
She upward looked with charming grace  
And answered, "Ize fordot."

"Whose girl are you?" I asked, more free,  
Of this bewitching Miss.  
"Ize mamma's darling dirl," said she,—  
And then I stole a kiss.

I kissed her for her mother's sake,  
And kissed her for her own;  
Nor am I here ashamed to make  
My dual passion known.

I fondly love this child of three,  
So precious to my life;  
For doubly dear she is to me,—  
Her mamma is my wife!

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

G. F. Rinehart.

## A BANQUETING HALL OF KINGS.

A CORONATION IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. IX.

ALL that is left to mark the spot where once stood the Imperial Palace of Charlemagne is the ancient Rathaus of Aix la Chapelle.\* The palace was built near the close of the Eighth century. Its proportions were colossal. It included the spacious royal apartments and suites for princes, bishops, courtiers, and scholars. It connected with the cathedral on the east, and faced the market-place on the west. Here the soldier-statesman dispensed munificent hospitality to papal legates and the Pope himself, to kings and queens and representatives of foreign courts. In this vast enclosure originated the Academy, or School, of the Palace, in which Alcuin, enticed from England by Charlemagne's liberality, taught philosophy to a people even then eager to know the unknowable. Here Pierre de Pise and Paul Diacre, Italian prisoners of war, were won over into subjects and made teachers, one of grammar, the other of history and poetry. Here knights, fresh from battle and carnage, resorted for recuperation under the warming smile of their master's approval. Here kings and emperors feasted after coronation, and not a few of them sat at table with their deadliest foes — those of their own household.

Almost a century after it was builded, the Imperial Palace was pillaged by the Northmen. About a century later, the structure, meantime rebuilt, was again sacked, this time by Lothaire. In the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries two great fires swept over the city, and the palace was again partially destroyed. But, through every vicissitude, the westernmost wing of the palace was spared, and this, with various restorations,—the latest of which is now in progress,—is the

\*See illustration in the September number of THE MIDLAND.

famous Rathaus of Aix la Chapelle, in which thirty-two kings and twelve queens, in their time, banqueted after the ceremony of coronation.

Let us take a forenoon hour and visit this historic building. Picking our way across the market-place, which during the forenoon is very much alive with hucksters and their customers, we soon find ourselves in the shadow of a somber structure which, as it stands to-day, is at least five centuries old, and rests its weight upon foundations almost twelve centuries old. Its black-gray front, with its unfilled niches—designed for busts of greatness long since reduced to the dead level of oblivion—seems to coldly repel the unattended stranger who would enter its precincts. We climb the steps leading to the first floor entrance. With the janitor as guide, we first descend and make a hasty tour of the basement. The great iron keys, which scores of janitors have carried in their time, clank like chains, and turn in the old-time locks with a rasping sound, followed by a loud report, suggesting scenes in dark contrast with the gayeties which in their time have had free course in the banquetting hall above. The dungeon-like apartments in the basement are tenantless now, and are used only as lumber and document rooms. We return to the first floor, climbing stone steps worn with the tramp of myriad feet, and through a narrow passage-way down which in days of old many a prisoner of state was sent to his doom.

We pass from the large vestibule into the Session Hall where, now as for centuries, the wise men of Aix assemble once a week to consider municipal affairs. The garb of the *bürgermeisters* and *oberbürgermeisters* is changed—has lost its former picturesqueness; but the good,

substantial, self-satisfied and knowing faces one may see gathered around the council board now are the same faces that stand out from old German portraits surmounting white ruffs and black velvet mantles. All is commonplace here, except the history which attaches to the room.

Here the treaty of 1668 was signed. Here was also consummated the treaty of 1748. The portrait of Napoleon, by Boucher, and that of Josephine, by Leffèvre, which hang upon the wall, were the gift of Napoleon to the city, in 1807. Other portraits adorn the walls, none of which are especially remarkable.

We reach the upper floor and are ushered into the historic Coronation Hall. We seem to have stepped out from the Nineteenth century into the Middle Ages!

How well they builded in those days! Not as we build,—for five, ten, twenty years,—but as though they expected to live forever! No veneering of brick or stone; but walls six, eight, twelve, sixteen feet in thickness, and towers—as at Heidelberg—which even gunpowder cannot disintegrate! Look at the massive Gothic arches in the accompanying illustration and, noting their great age, conceive if you can of their soon crumbling and falling!

One of the glories—the only modern glory—of the Rathaus is the remarkable group of frescoes on the walls, commemorating scenes and events in the history of the Empire. These paintings, which take high rank among the frescoes of Germany, were designed by the brilliant young artist Alfred Rethel, between the years 1846 and 1859. The artist's excessive anxiety over their production, coupled with illness, developed insanity, which was quickly followed by death.

The first fresco represents the opening of Charlemagne's tomb in the Aix Cathedral by Otto III. in the year 1000.

The second pictures the destruction of the Saxon god Hermansul by the zealous Charlemagne, at Eresbourg in 772.

The third represents the battle of Cordova, in 778. Charlemagne is in the act

of striking down the flag of the Saracens, and the fighting Bishop Turpin follows closely behind, triumphantly bearing the cross.

The fourth and last fresco wholly painted by Rethel represents the triumphal entrance of Charlemagne into Pavia. The Lombard king and queen are in chains. Chagrin and misery are strongly depicted upon their countenances. The conqueror is represented as riding upon a beautiful white charger, his gigantic figure towering above the knights and paladins surrounding him—a legend which ill accords with the ancient statue of bronze that stands in the market-place in front of the Rathaus in Aix, which statue represents Charlemagne as of medium size and strong but not especially noble face or figure.

The remaining frescoes were painted by Joseph Kehren, who faithfully followed the original designs of Rethel. The baptism of Witikind, the Saxon prince, is the subject of the fifth scene. A bishop is in the act of baptising the barbarian and Charlemagne stands as godfather, with a becomingly pious look upon his countenance. A dramatic feature of the painting is the scornful and defiant glance which a barbarian friend of Witikind casts upon the monks, in return for their patronizing admonitions.

The crowning of Charlemagne in Rome by Leo III., in the year 800, is the striking scene of the sixth fresco.

The building of the Chapel at Aix is represented in the seventh. Charlemagne is giving instructions to the workmen. Around him, as if grouped for their picture, are several members of his family, including Emma, his romantic daughter, and Eginhard, his secretary and prospective son-in-law, of whom more hereafter. Papal legates on horseback make a spirited background to the scene.

The crowning of Louis le Debonnaire is the last of the series. Charlemagne, finding his end near, sent for his favorite son Louis, that he might make sure of the succession. Louis hastened to Aix where, surrounded with the nobility and clergy,





CORONATION HALL—RATHAUS, AIX LA CHAPELLE.

the king bestowed upon him the crown—and all the people responded amen. Charlemagne has here a patriarchal look upon his countenance, which well becomes the ex-soldier, in his old age turned saint.

Turning from the frescoes to look about the hall itself, how many historic associations surround the visitor! The uncanny echo in the room quickens the imagination. In the dim light of this forenoon hour, the rain beating against the windows, and the multiplied voices of other visitors in another part of the hall mingling with our own, how easy to re-people the coronation chamber with the "great ones long gone by" who had their day and ceased to be!

I see the great founder of the Carolingian dynasty sitting in the Coronation Hall of his palace, dispensing rough justice to his enemies and lavish hospitalities to his friends. Kings and dukes stand embarrassed at a distance, impressed with his power and overwhelmed by his pomp. Choosing the milder alternative he offers, they have brought tribute of gold and precious stones and costly fabrics, and laid them at his feet.

Aix la Chapelle was then the political center of the whole world. Charlemagne

built his empire as he built his palaces and chapel—to last forever. But scarcely had the influence of his personality passed away with his death before his pious son and heir was involved in a labyrinth of complications which revealed the uncertainty of the empire's foundations. But, comparatively speaking, the work was done pretty well, for it lasted a thousand years, while the empire of Napoleon which finally overthrew it was in comparison a thing of a day.

With the aid of old chronicles which afford the basis for the yet unwritten history of Aix la Chapelle, let us picture one of the more striking scenes enacted on this historic spot. Let us look in, as a privileged spectator might, upon the coronation of the emperor Otto I. as king of Germany.

It should, perhaps, be stated here that from the time of the first Otto down to the Fifteenth century the successor to the empire was three times crowned: first, on his own soil, at Aix la Chapelle, as king of Germany; then at Monza, or Milan, as king of Lombardy, and finally at Rome, at the grave of the apostle Peter, as emperor of the Romans.

Otto's coronation was an event of deepest interest at the time. Though only

twenty-four years old, the young prince had evinced much capacity for governing a warlike people. He was fortunate in entering upon and enjoying the completed work of his father, namely, the restoration of the Empire. His coronation was therefore marked by more than usual pomp and ceremony. The city of Aix was filled with visitors from all parts of the empire. Troops were quartered in the city and encamped outside its walls. The Imperial Palace was thronged with titled visitors eager to pay homage to the Coming Man. On the morning of coronation day the dukes of Suabia, Franconia, Bavaria, and Lorraine, the four great nobles of the empire, together knelt in Otto's presence, each extending his hand, swearing unswerving fealty. The archbishops of Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne then conducted Otto to the neighboring church, where the ecclesiastical authorities formally welcomed him. The venerable archbishop of Mayence presented the youthful monarch to the assembled multitude, saying: "Behold him whom God hath chosen, him proposed by our deceased liege lord Henry, this day elected by all the princes of the German empire, King Otto I. If ye accept him, raise your right hand toward heaven."

The multitude assembled in the church responded, exclaiming, "God save and bless the new King!"

Then followed the anointing and the coronation service. This done the archbishop handed Otto a sword, saying: "Receive this sword, by which thou shalt drive away all the enemies of Christ. The divine authority bestows it upon thee that henceforth, in the name of Christianity, thou mayest govern the kingdom and establish peace."

He then presented the scepter and the shepherd's crook, or crosier, saying: "By these tokens thou shalt with paternal discipline watch over thy subjects and prove thy moderation to the servants of God and to widows and orphans. May the oil of Mercy never depart from thy brow, that thou mayest now and forever hereafter receive thy reward!"

Then the senior archbishop, assisted by his two associates, placed the golden crown of the kingdom upon Otto's head, led him to his seat on a throne, and the long and eventful reign of Otto was begun.

The imperial party then adjourned to the Coronation Hall of the palace, there to partake of a sumptuous banquet, the equal of which had never before been seen. After the careful arrangement of places, compromising as well as possible the rival claims of rank and of favor, the blessing was invoked, a moment of oppressive silence ensued. The Emperor, on whom all were waiting, took his seat at the head of the table. Then came the shuffling of feet, the clanking of scabbards, and finally all were seated.

So thorough and complete was the subjection of the four powerful dukes who had sworn allegiance to their king, that these same dukes voluntarily served in the capacity of waiters on this occasion. One supervised the meats, another the wines, etc. From this circumstance are said to have arisen certain titles, such as cup-bearer to His Majesty, which the noblest of nobles afterwards rejoiced to wear.

What feasts they must have been, those coronation banquets! Course after course, —the feast begun, continued and ended with wine —beginning with freezing ceremoniousness, continuing with steadily increasing warmth, and ending with a degree of jollity presumably not tolerated at court dinners in our time.

We can see them now. The new King's health is formally proposed. All are standing, beaker in hand, awaiting the word and the accompanying click. Then follows the click, click, click, all the way down the long tables, with many a bow of compliment and answering bow of acknowledgement! Again that awful moment of silence preceding a resumption of seats! The rush of servants, the nervous officiousness of those ducal head-waiters! Course follows course in quick succession; wines from the famous Reingau and from the choicest



vintages of France and Italy and Greece bear down the walls of ceremony, and by the time the feast is ended the babel is not unlike the first confusion of tongues, except that in this presence hope, not despair, shines upon every face.

Forth from this banqueting hall went kings and emperors to meet quite other fates than those which were at the time presumably prefigured in priestly benediction and courtly compliment. Some went forth to meet their fate at the hands of the assassin; some found death in battle; a few—only a few—lived long and prospered, and gave their country that greatest of blessings—a reign without a history.

A joyous coronation does not always foreshadow a happy reign. Scarcely had young Otto become installed in the imperial apartments before his brother Henry lent himself to a conspiracy to take his life and seize the throne! The plot was discovered and the ringleaders were hung. Henry escaped and became a fugitive from his brother's wrath. Now comes the romantic sequel of the story.

Four Christmas days have come and gone and again the emperor is kneeling

at the altar. As the choir sings, "Peace on earth, good will to men," a stranger in garb of a penitent pushes through the throng and kneels at the feet of the rising Emperor, humbly craving his pardon. Otto looks down and meets the imploring gaze of the wayward Henry. He extends his hand, lifts his brother to his feet and embraces him, giving him a brother's kiss. He is not so overcome with emotion but that he can deliver a short sermon for the penitent's benefit. He is chronicled as saying:

"Though thy crimes merit punishment, yet as thou hast confessed thy sin and humbled thyself, I forgive and embrace thee."

It is further reported that Henry ever after remained true and faithful and every way helpful to the emperor.

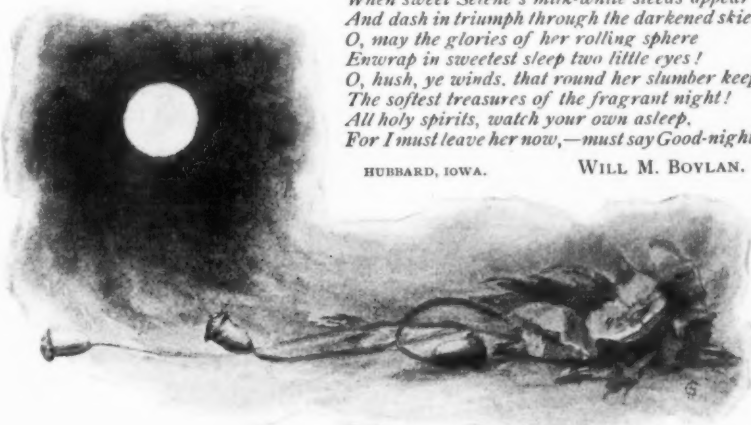
After our recent excursions into the realm of History and into the bordering shadow-land of Tradition, we will next month resume our travels, having before us the Rhine journey—itsself an embodied romance—and various delightful trips to points of beauty and interest in Germany, Belgium and Holland, a number of them well out of the way of the tourist.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

*When sweet Selene's milk-white steeds appear  
And dash in triumph through the darkened skies,  
O, may the glories of her rolling sphere  
Enwrap in sweetest sleep two little eyes!  
O, hush, ye winds, that round her slumber keep  
The softest treasures of the fragrant night!  
All holy spirits, watch your own asleep,  
For I must leave her now,—must say Good-night!*

HUBBARD, IOWA.

WILL M. BOYLAN.



## THE RETURN—A SKETCH.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM GERWIG.

THE sun was sinking over the prairies, tinting the entire sky with a gorgeous wealth of color characteristically western in its prodigality. A herd of cattle were lazily grazing while a group of cowboys were finishing the evening chores. The spring round-up had just been completed and the red-hot iron had burned its indelible mark on the quivering flesh of the last calf. One cow-boy was driving the lariat stakes and fastening the horses for the night. Two others were making a clear space for a fire, free from danger of lighting the prairie.

"Stocky he's a queer duck," said one, a short, heavy-set man whose inclination

toward philosophizing had won him the abbreviated nickname "Soc."

"Yes?" queried the other with the rising inflection which marked him as a Southerner. He was a long, lank, lantern-jawed individual whom they had perversely dubbed "Shorty." The two were inseparable. They were called the "Siamese Twins."

"I've seen lots o' gamblers what don't drink and some drinkers as don't gamble. But Stocky he don't do neither."

"Naw," laconically agreed Shorty. "An' he ain't no dude nuther."

"I wonder what his right name is back in the States," asked Socrates, half to himself, as if recognizing that it would scarcely be considered altogether a fair question out on the plains.

"'Hal Stockman, an' I ain't ashamed of it,' I heerd him say onct!"

"If them plaguey steers don't stampede the herd to-night we ought to get back to the ranch to-morrow," said Stockman as he came up.

"I calc'late so," drawled Socrates.

"Work's goin' to be slack for a couple months now an' you don't need me," continued Stockman. "I guess I'll pull out an' go back to God's country for a little spell."

"Been sayin' that ever since I know'd you. Ain't he Soc?"

"I know I have. But I'm goin' this time. You see it ain't quite square. Why, my folks don't know whether I'm alive or dead. I hain't seen anyone from home except Dave Smith out at El Paso, an' it must be nigh onto three years since I wrote."

"All right, ol' man. Guess we can hold down the claim."

A week later he had drawn his money from the bank at the frontier town, bought a new sombrero, a pair of trim boots—the cow-boy's delight—and a hand-satchel. There was only a little over a thousand



"STOCKY."

dollars—all he had been able to save from twelve years' hardships and dangers—but much more than any of the other cow-boys had. With a light heart he set out for "God's country."



HOMESICK.

The engine gave a long, shrieking whistle and the night train rattled up to a forlorn looking little station in western Ohio. Only one passenger alighted. The station-agent, too busy yawning and rubbing his eyes after his sudden waking to see anything very clearly, failed to notice him and, after a stretch and a supplementary yawn or two, turned down his lantern and went back to bed.

How dark it gets in the country! City folk, with their brilliantly lighted streets and their electricity know nothing about it. The train rumbled away until a single light, with an occasional flash as the fireman opened the furnace door, marked its location. As even that tiny spot faded from view the passenger felt the darkness press in upon him from every side, heavy, black, impenetrable, bearing with it a dull foreboding—a premonition of coming evil. This was not the bright, cheerful, joyous home-coming he had looked

forward to for so many years. With a sigh and a shudder he gathered up his hand-satchel and, his eyes not yet accustomed to the intense darkness, he stumbled down the loose station steps, across the tracks, and up the main street of the little village. How strange and weird it all looked, though he had thought he would remember it so well! He felt rather than saw his way until, as his eyes became somewhat accustomed to the gloom, it grew, little by little, more familiar.

That was certainly the dim outline of the old-fashioned tavern ahead of him. He heard, or thought he heard, the ancient sign-board of the hostelry, creaking as it swung in the wind above him; and his memory let him see, as plainly as if it were day, the miserably painted, decrepit looking animal, and the faded gilt letters designating the inn as "The White Bear."

Sure enough! this obstacle that he tripped over in the dark was the long, curved iron handle of the squeaking wooden pump that stood in the very middle of the side-walk. That certainly was the low line of the livery-stable roof across the way, and again his memory helped him to see what the sign-painter intended should represent a fiery, untamed steed—bright red against a white background. He ought to be able to see his own home from this point, but strain his eyes as he might it was impossible.

"There it is," he exclaimed to himself and, as he approached, a strange lump, such as he had seldom felt in his rough border life, rose in his throat. Would he find them all? Were they well? The twelve years seemed suddenly to have become twice as long. He had heard from home so seldom! But then he remembered with shame that he himself had seldom written. Would his mother ever forgive this neglect? His knees trembled under him as he approached the old familiar place and he went, like a thief, on tip-toe across the porch to the door. Even when he reached it he had scarcely the courage to knock. What if

some of them were sick—or even dead! The desire to know the worst was strong, and he rapped, so lightly at first that he could scarcely hear it himself. No response. Again and again he rapped, then he hammered, and was just on the point of giving up in despair when a head was thrust from the window above him.

"Is that you, father?" he asked, when he could control his voice.

"What's that?" replied a gruff, sleepy voice.

"Do the Stockmans live here?"

"Nope. Hain't lived here for more'n two years. Somebody sick?"

"I'm not a doctor. Can you tell me where they do live?"

"Yes, I guess. You go up Main street till you come to Snyder's lane. Then you turn off an' it's the first yaller house on the left hand side."

At least they were alive. The first faint streaks of light were beginning to show in the east and the roosters had begun their circuitous calls. A brisk, impatient walk brought him to the little cottage. Scarcely had he rapped before a head appeared at the window and a voice, ageing, querulous almost, but which sent a thrill through him, called out, "Who's there?"

It was his mother, and with the voice came a flood of recollections almost overwhelming him. Would she know him? Would she forgive him?

"Who's there?" came again from the window.

"It's Harry, mother," he said.

"What does he say?" she asked of somebody beside her. And he heard a younger, boyish voice that he did not recognize reply, "He says he's brother Harry."

"Oh no, you're not my boy Harry. Go 'way. He would have told me when he was coming home. I can't give you anything to-night. Go 'way an' let us sleep!"

"Well, mother, if you don't believe I'm Harry I *will* go away."

And he heard the window close. Dazed and scarcely believing his senses he stared up at it. But the head was gone. He

waited, expecting to hear the door unlocked and opened. But no one came. Had he really been talking to anyone, or was he dreaming? No, here he was—turned from his own home by his own mother! He gathered up his hand-satchel listlessly, then set it down again and walked away and left it. "Perhaps she'll believe me when she sees that," he muttered.

His head sank lower and lower on his breast and he looked straight before him, seeing nothing. He walked mechanically, hearing nothing, heeding nothing. Occasionally a half-broken sentence was forced through his tightly shut teeth.

"After coming three thousand miles! I suppose I should have written. Perhaps I do deserve it. She must have waited many a weary day for word from me. But it was so far to the post-office, and I've almost forgot how to write my own name. It can't be—yes, it *is* most three years since I wrote last! But I never thought a man's own mother would forget him and turn him away! I can't show my face here. I'll go back to Texas."

He wandered about the quaint old village, heedless of its constant appeals to his memory. There were tears in his eyes as he sank at last, utterly worn out and sick at heart, on the long wooden bench in front of the general store.

"Hello thar', stranger! What you doin'?" cried a cheery voice. The stranger sat up, rubbed his eyes, blinked at the clear sunlight, and recognized the village drayman whom he had known from boyhood.

"Hello, Bi' Stackhouse," he replied; and then laughed in spite of himself at the surprised look on the teamster's face. There was the peculiar old, two-wheeled dray, with the pair of long prongs out behind, up which he had helped roll so many barrels. Even the lazy old horse seemed unchanged—except in degree of laziness.

"You don't seem to know me!" he continued.

Abiah eyed him from the broad-brimmed sombrero to the spring-bottomed

"pants" and neat, jaunty boot which altogether mark the Texas cattleman. He scratched his head and pondered. There before him was a smooth-shaven, bronzed, sun-burned face that had a touch of boyish mischief in it over his discomfiture. With it was the air of a rough and ready man of the world, equal to anything, anxious to give and take great chances. It was a typical South-western American before him, but he saw nothing in him that he recognized.

"I guess you sorter got the advantage of me." And he smiled sheepishly at the oddity of anyone having the advantage of him, and shifted his quid of tobacco.

"Don't you remember the fellow that let the barrel of molasses slip, putting it on the dray, an' it fell and knocked the head in, and the stuff ran all over the sidewalk?"

"Well I'll be darned if it ain't Pete' Stockman! Boy, how are ye? When did ye git home?" And he almost wrung an arm off in the intensity of his welcome.

"Oh, I—that is—you see I haven't been clear home yet." He was ashamed to confess that he had been home but his mother had sent him away again.

"Why don't you git thar? What you doin' a sleepin' on that wooden bench?"

"Oh, I just came up on the early train and I thought I wouldn't disturb father gettin' him out so early."

"Disturb your father?" the teamster asked, with a puzzled expression.

"Yes. I thought I'd take a look around before they got up. But what makes you look at me like that? There's nothin' wrong, is there?"

"My boy, hain't you heard?"

"No. Heard what? For heaven's sake what's the matter?"

"Why, boy, you must 'a' heard about your sister."

"Yes, poor Laura, I heard she died two years ago."

"An' didn't you hear nothin' else?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"You poor boy! Your father he couldn't stand it without Laura, an' he went six months after."

"Dead? Dead a year and a half? And I never knew it! Oh, why didn't I write?—But the rest?"

"They're all right, boy."

And he tried in his roughly tender way to soothe him.

"Mama, who was that you were just talking to?" She was a young girl, and her face and figure as she stood questioning on the threshold of her room, had the sweetness of coming womanhood.

"Oh, only a tramp, I guess."

"I thought I heard something about Harry."

"He said he was Harry. But it couldn't have been our Harry. Don't you suppose I'd know my own boy?"

"You didn't send him away?—But Ma, suppose it was Harry?"

"Charley, Charley," called the mother, "go down and see if that man's on the porch yet. He went away himself, Maudie. I didn't send him."

The boy returned after a fruitless search and found his mother rocking and brooding in her chair.

"Mebbe I was dreamin' again. I wonder why Harry don't write. I can't sleep nights since father died. What did that man mean by sayin' his name was Harry? It must have been a dream."

"No, mother, I saw him myself. It wasn't a dream," said Charley.

"Well, he didn't look like our Harry, did he?"

"It was too dark. I couldn't see, mother."

"You know that tramp we took in last winter and fed because he said he was a friend of Harry's. Then he stole the horse-blanket."

"I know, Ma, but what if this was Harry?" said Maud.

"An' then Dave Smith said Harry was sick when he saw him down at El Paso. An' we hain't had a letter for two years 'leven months. He must be dead or he would 've written."

"I know, Ma, but what if it *was* Harry?" persisted Maud.

"You childern 've got me all worked up again. Now hurry an' get dressed."

Mebbe he hasn't left town yet. Charley, you hurry and look for him. I know it ain't Harry,—but it *might* be."

"Ma, here's his valise," cried Charley, running in a moment later. "It *must* be Harry!"

"Mightee, but your mother 'll be glad to see you, Pete'."

"Don't know about that, Bi'." And the lump rose in his throat again as he thought of the face at the window. But somehow he seemed more hopeful himself in the warm sunlight, under the influence of the cheery greeting. His old boyhood's nickname, which he had not heard for so many years, was a welcome in itself.

"Yes she will," insisted Bi'. Why, tramps has a picnic at Widow Stockman's, now. All they got to do is say they're friends o' Pete's an' she feeds 'em on milk an' honey. Fact!"

A half-grown boy came up the street panting and said, as well as his breathlessness and changing voice would permit, "Is your name Harry Stockman?"

"Yes, that's what they call me. What's yours?"

"Charley Stockman. Mother says for you to come home."

"Now there's a powerful 'xample of a mother's intuwishin'," muttered Abiah as he scratched his head and gazed after the retreating figures. "How in thunder did the widow know Pete' was here!"

Just then the milkman came driving slowly along and Bi' Stackhouse started him. Never in the history of the village was there such a rapid delivery of milk and news. "Pete' Stockman 's home from Mexico, an' you ought to see the hat and clothes he wears," he shouted to his pint customers. With the quarts and gallons he gave better measure of gossip. "Why, of course his mother know'd him the minute she set eyes on him; but his sister Maud, she didn't recognize him at all. An' he know'd his father was dead, but he didn't know Laura was. But I tell you he struck it rich down there an' he's got piles o' money."

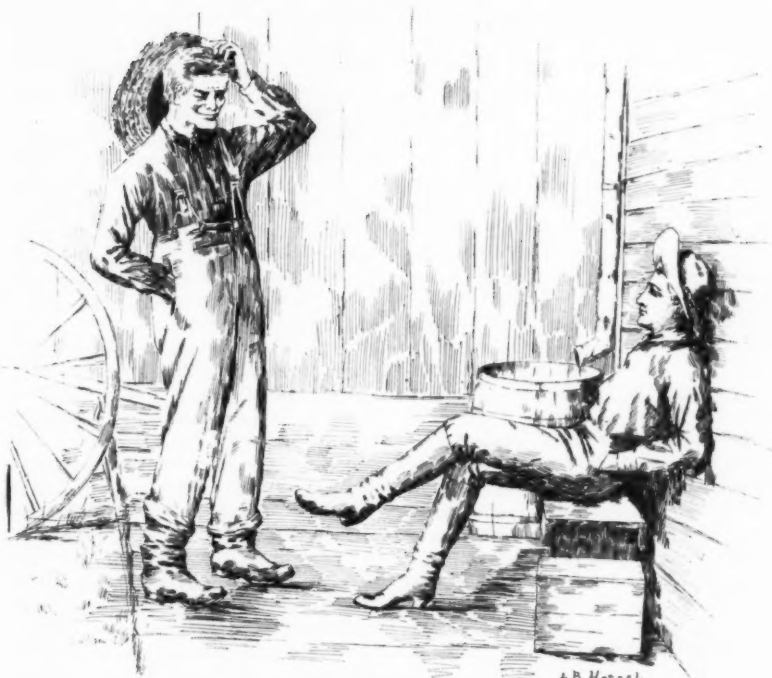
So, like the waves, widening from a stone cast into a quiet pool, news and rumor ran in every direction, getting farther and farther from the truth with every repetition.

Deaf old Granny Dobbins gave her version of what she thought she had heard to the universal relative of the village, Auntie Baker, thus:

"An' Harry's got long whiskers, so 's nobody know'd him 'xcept his mother. But you can't fool a mother, an' she know'd his step soon as he came on the board walk front of the house, an' came down to let him in. Harry he wears velvet clothes, all trimmed with gold an' silver bangles, an' a bright red sash, same as a girl, jus' like them Mexicans wears. An' he had a whole satchel full o' gold pieces." Thus the rumor ran.

Widow Stockman held quite a reception that morning. Relatives and neighbors from near and far came to satisfy themselves of the truth of the various reports that had reached them and to see the wonderful young man from the West. With that directness which characterizes village life they came at once. They did not seem to feel, and indeed it is a question whether the widow herself felt, that there was any occasion for privacy in this reunion. Village life is peculiarly open and demonstrative in certain lines. Great was the surprise and not a little the regret, especially among the young people and children, at finding the stranger not conspicuously different from other people. Of course there was that rich bronze tan, and, too, the sombrero and spring-bottom trousers; but even with these the young man was distinctively human. Worse than that, upon closer inspection and tentative conversation he did not appear to possess the unheard-of opulence that rumor announced. With that graceful acceptance of whatever fate may bring—another characteristic of village life—the younger portion of the community soon accepted the stranger as he was, and allowed themselves to be entertained by his tales of adventure.





"I guess you sorter got the advantage of me."

His sister hovered about him as he spoke, finding a chair for some new arrival every little while, until the little sitting room and the porch beyond were filled. Never for an instant did she take her eyes from this big brother. They had had only one photograph in his absence—a poor one that served in no way to prepare them for his present appearance.

"I just remember how before he left he used to carry me on his back, romping about our old house. Sometimes I feel as if he was my brother Harry, and sometimes I feel as if he was an entire stranger I never saw before," she said. The younger brother, Charley, felt clearly unacquainted and uncomfortable. He had reached that awkward age when boys are more than usually ill at ease.

"How are you, Cousin Nett?" said Harry, as a favorite relative came in with a "string" of children behind her.

"These are my children, Harry," she said.

"What! Yours? Why, how old are you?"

I'm as young as you are and you know it," she laughed.

"Here comes Grandma Dobbins," said Maud, as the old lady came limping in.

"Law me! An' this is Harry," she said. Both her hands and her chin trembled with age and palsy. "I wouldn't 'a' know'd him without his whiskers." Then someone shouted in her ear that he left home at sixteen and never had any.

"Ran into a stone on the hill-side an' busted my plow so's I couldn't do no more work to-day anyhow, an' I jest thought I'd come in an' see how you was," said Bill Haines. They had been great chums as boys and had planned all sorts of trips together. Bill somehow never got up enough energy to get away.

A.B. Hetzel.

"Bill's always got somethin' busted so he can't work. Was born tired," laughed Cousin Nett. He had been an unsuccessful suitor of her's and she felt free to say anything to him. "You folks here don't know what a blessin' them hills are," said Harry. "Out on the plains, where there's no hills, no trees, no water, you get fairly hungry for 'em. When our train ran into the hills and pine woods an' along the river comin' home, I just felt like throwin' up my sombrero an' cheerin'."

The whole village came. Even fussy old Doctor Dibble stopped at the fence with his queer rattle-trap two-wheel buggy and called Harry out to shake hands with him.

His thoughts wandered as he told tale after tale of adventure, and his eyes turned oftener and oftener to the chair where his mother sat rocking. The fever of excitement had subsided and he saw now how old and worn she looked. Every wrinkle was a condemnation. He noticed for the first time how her hands and even her head trembled as he remembered his grandmother's had. How he regretted that he had not been more thoughtful and caused her less anguish during those long weary years.

The widow rocked slowly, contentedly backward and forward. The great mother-love, so nearly crushed out by neglect, that she had failed to recognize her own son, was coming back, filling her with new life, new strength. She gladly forgave the past in the great hope for the future.

Time dragged on in the sleepy old village,—one month, two months, three months. The patriarchs sat in their doorways the livelong day, doing nothing, waiting for death. The chickens scratching in the street were about the only signs of life. Occasionally a team drove by, raising a terrific cloud of dust. The

wooden bench in front of the general store was always filled. Every question, from politics to plowing, was discussed in turn. Theoretically the disputants had the keys to the universe.

"I picked up most enough stones plowin, to-day, to finish that ar' fence," said Cy' Haines,—a brother of Bill's and equally energetic.

"What do you fellows keep wearin' your lives out plowin' that stone pile for?" asked Harry. "Why don't you come out to our country an' get a quarter-section, level as a floor, not a stone on it, an' black loam two feet deep?"

"My ole mare's got the spring-halt," said Bi' Stackhouse.

"Your plugs here all go at a dog-trot," said Harry. "Out on the plains our ponies go at a lope, from sunrise to sunset, if we let 'em, an' never turn a hair."

"Pears to me you're stuck on that country, Pete," drawled Bill Haines.

"Look a' that dog a chasin' of them sheep over on Murray's hill," piped old Grandad Cooper. He was an old man before Harry had left home.

"Everything seems plum up under your nose here," said Harry. "Hills so close in that you don't seem to have room to get a square breath!"

"Now look here, Pete'," said Bi' Stackhouse, "you don't want to get soured on this country an' go 'way agin. It's a mighty good country to settle down an' live an' die in."

"Yes, 'specially die," said Harry.

And so the long monotonous summer wore itself slowly away. One morning, early in the fall, the milkman had another installment of news. "Pete' Stockman he put five hundred dollars in the bank fer his mother an' five hundred fer Maud an' Charley 'tween 'em. An' he's gone back to Texas. Said he couldn't stan' it here another day. But he swears they won't be no two years 'tween his letters this trip."



## A DAY IN CONCORD.

By W. W. GIST.

IT was a perfect October day that I selected for a pilgrimage to Concord. Leaving the depot at Boston at nine o'clock, I stepped upon the platform at Concord an hour later. It was just such a day as Emerson describes: "The world has nothing to offer more rich than the days that October always brings us, when, after the first frosts, a steady shower of gold falls in the strong south wind from the maples and hickories. All the trees are wind-harps, filling the air with music, and all men are poets." The first heavy frost of the season had occurred the night before, and as soon as the warmth of the sun was felt the leaves began to fall in rich profusion. It was my first visit to the town and I have seldom experienced such exhilaration of spirit upon visiting any place of historic renown. Concord is a typical New England town of some four thousand inhabitants, though lacking the great manufacturing cities that distinguish so many of her towns.

A glance was sufficient to indicate that the main part of the town lay on the north side of the railroad track, and so I directed my steps thither. On either side of the street, thickly lined with shade trees that were shedding their rich autumnal garbs, there were plain, home-like cottages that had evidently been built for comfort rather than show.

After going a few blocks I came to the public library building. The building is substantial in construction and not lacking in architectural beauty. The interior is arranged with reference to beauty and utility. The librarian was a courteous lady and was entirely willing to answer my numerous questions. I learned that there were twenty-two thousand volumes in the library, and a cursory examination convinced me that they had been wisely selected. The librarian permitted me to

enter the alcove given wholly to Concord writers. Here are the works of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, Louise M. Alcott, and others. It also contains the lives of these writers and criticisms of their works, in all some three hundred volumes. After a most delightful hour spent in the alcove with the Concord writers, I continued my walk up the street.

The next thing to attract my attention particularly was an old cemetery near the street. I spent a short time there, looking at the quaint inscriptions on the headstones, many of which were more than two hundred years old. I went on a few blocks and came to the north part of the town, where there is a small park containing a monument erected in honor of the soldiers of the late war. Near this park are most of the churches and the court-house. Just back of the buildings to the north there is a range of hills rising abruptly to the height of forty or sixty feet. They trend toward the northwest. Just west of the park there is a modest little two-story building with the sign, "Thoreau House." A guide-board points up the street to the northwest, telling the direction of the battle-ground of 1775. The sidewalk was covered with many-colored leaves brought down by the frost of the night before. The air was warm and balmy and it was so still that not a leaf stirred. I was able to appreciate fully Hawthorne's description of this very place:

"On some October morning there is a heavy hoar frost on the grass and along the tops of the fences; and at sunrise the leaves fall from the trees of our avenue without a breath of wind, quietly descending by their own weight. All summer long they have murmured like the noise of waters; they have roared loudly while the branches were wrestling with

the thunder gust; they have made music both glad and solemn; they have attuned my thoughts by their quiet sound as I paced to and fro beneath the arch of intermingling boughs. Now they can only rustle under my feet." As they rustled under my feet, I thought I had never seen such a fall of leaves in one day.

Going out this avenue, perhaps a third of a mile, I came to a street that turns abruptly to the west, and at the distance of a hundred yards the Concord River was in full view, spanned by a wooden bridge. I knew it was the place of historic interest that I was seeking, and I confess that the sight of it stirred my emotions deeply. A few yards east of the bridge stands a monument some fifteen or twenty feet in height. It stands on the very spot where the British soldiers fell when the Americans fired their

first volley. The following is the inscription on it:

HERE  
ON THE 19TH OF APRIL  
1775  
WAS MADE THE FIRST FORCIBLE  
RESISTANCE TO BRITISH AGGRESSION.  
ON THE OPPOSITE BANK  
STOOD THE AMERICAN MILITIA.  
HERE STOOD THE INVADING ARMY  
AND ON THIS SPOT  
THE FIRST OF THE ENEMY FELL  
IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION  
WHICH GAVE  
INDEPENDENCE  
TO THESE UNITED STATES.  
IN GRATITUDE TO GOD  
AND  
IN LOVE OF FREEDOM  
THIS MONUMENT  
WAS ERECTED  
A. D. 1836.

Just to the left of the monument, near a stone fence, are the graves of the two British soldiers who fell in the skirmish at the bridge. Their graves are enclosed with an iron chain. There is a tradition to the effect that one of the two British soldiers that fell by the volley fired by the minute men was only wounded and that a boy, chopping wood for the clergyman in the Old Manse, came up and killed him with a blow of the axe. Bancroft accepts it as a fact. Hawthorne thinks the tradition is improbable, and I agree with him. It is probable that the average New England boy of a century ago was no fonder of chopping wood than the modern boy. That a boy would continue to wield an axe at the woodpile while military companies were maneuvering in the vicinity is wholly improbable. That a boy would continue his work while a battle was imminent a hundred yards away is not conceivable. Nevertheless Hawthorne adds:

"The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight." The incident probably suggested to Haw-



THE MINUTE MAN.

*By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.*



EMERSON'S HOME.

thorne one of the chief characters in "Septimius Felton."

On the west side of the bridge stands a monument erected in 1875 in honor of the minute men on the spot where some of them stood when the volley was fired. The monument consists of a block of granite, about four feet square and six feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of a minute man with a flint-lock musket in his hand. The inscription on the east side is this :

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

It is needless to say that these familiar words are from Emerson's hymn written for the unveiling of the first monument forty years before. On the west side of the monument the inscription is :

1775  
NINETEENTH  
OF  
APRIL  
1875.

Emerson himself delivered a short address on this occasion, which was the last written by his hand. Not far from the bridge on the west side is a small apple tree, near which Captain Davis of the minute men fell. I was told that it was the same tree that stood there at the time of the fight, and that it has never grown any.

As much as I was interested in all the details of the famous fight at the bridge, I was more interested in the haunts of the literary men who really made the town famous. About a hundred yards from the bridge toward the south stands the Old Manse made fam-

ous by Hawthorne. It is a plain frame house, two stories and a half high, giving evidence of age. In fact, it is nearly a hundred and thirty years old. Here it was that Rev. William Emerson, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo, witnessed the fight at the bridge. He could scarcely be restrained from taking part in it himself. Here it was that Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote "Nature" and many of his poems. To this same place Hawthorne brought his young bride in 1842 and dwelt in perfect bliss for four years. Here he wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse." Hawthorne had scarcely become settled in his first home when he received a letter from Margaret Fuller, asking that Ellery Channing and wife, the latter Margaret's sister, be received into the house as boarders. Hawthorne would not entertain the thought for a moment, and wrote a reply remarkable for its perfect frankness and yet courteous tone. He did not want any one to intrude on his quiet home. I quote one paragraph from the letter :

"My conclusion is that the comfort of both parties would be put in jeopardy. In saying this I would not be understood to mean anything against the social qualities of Mr. and Mrs. Channing,—my objections being wholly independent of such considerations. Had it been proposed to Adam and Eve to receive two angels into their Paradise as boarders, I doubt whether they would have been altogether pleased to consent. Certain I am, that, whatever might be the tact and the sympathies of the heavenly guests, the boundless freedom of Para-



THE OLD MANSE.

dise would at once have become finite and limited by their presence. The host and hostess would no longer have lived their own natural life, but would have had a constant reference to the two angels; and thus the whole four would have been involved in an unnatural relation,—which the whole system of boarding out essentially and inevitably is."

The river itself had almost as much interest for me as the Manse. I could not help thinking how often Hawthorne and Thoreau or Hawthorne and Ellery Channing had spent the day on its bosom, living close to nature and for the time shunning the haunts of men. Hawthorne thus describes the stream:

"The torpor of its movements allows it nowhere a bright and pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder bushes and willows, or the roots of elm and ash trees and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant white pond lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's brink that it cannot be grasped save at the hazard of plunging in."

Hawthorne has written few more beautiful things than the descriptions of his excursions on this river and its tributaries. In the "Blithedale Romance" he gives an account of a search for the body of a woman who had drowned herself. This was not an imaginary incident. He and Ellery Channing were in a party who dragged this same river for the body of a girl that had committed suicide. The account given in the romance is thrilling indeed; the real event recorded in his note-book is simply ghastly.

It did not take me long to make a general survey of the places of interest, and I soon started back to the hotel. I tried to get some information from my host as to historic places, but he was a new man to the place and evidently had no inter-

est in such things. My attention was attracted to a newspaper clipping on the door of the office. It was a letter describing a visit to Concord written in a humorous style and signed "Kittie Darling." It made some fun at the expense of the "Thoreau House," and this had aroused the ire of the landlord. He had written a letter to the editor and the editor had replied in what seemed to be a half-way apology. Really the article poked additional fun at the proprietor. This he did not seem to realize. He had posted up the three articles upon the door of the office and I suppose he felt that he had overwhelmed his critic. The clippings afforded great amusement to the guests.

Resting a few minutes after dinner, I then started out on the street leading toward Lexington. The road bears to the east, possibly a little north of east. It winds along near the chain of hills I have already mentioned. Between the hills and the street there is generally room enough for a house. Sometimes the rear end of a dwelling almost touches a hill. A young man directed me to the houses of special interest. Emerson's house is a half-mile or more from the center of the town, and stands on the right hand of the street. It is a plain two-story frame building. The value of a home does not depend upon architectural beauty. In speaking about the sources of his enjoyment Emerson says:

"When I bought my farm, I did not know what a bargain I had in the blue-birds, bobolinks and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime sunsets I was buying, what reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp. . . . Still less did I know what good neighbors I was buying,—men of thought and virtue, some of them now known the country through for their learning or subtlety, or active or patriotic power, but whom I had the pleasure of knowing long before the country did. . . . I did not know what groups of interesting school-boys and fair school-girls were to

greet me in the highway, and to take hold of one's heart at the school exhibitions."

A half mile further on is Alcott's house. It is also a neat, plain building, standing at the entrance of a ravine that breaks into the range of hills. Near it is the little chapel where the "Summer School of Philosophy" used to meet. The building is small and modest in the extreme.

The next house is Hawthorne's second home, known as "The Wayside." He purchased it in 1852 and lived there till he went to Europe in 1857. When he came back in 1860, he built a tower to it, which he used as a study. The house is now owned by Mrs. D. Lothrop of Boston.

Coming back some distance, I had a pleasant talk with a man who was washing a buggy. I learned from him that "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery" is in the north-west part of town and that I could reach it by going over the hills through the woods. I decided to do this. How delightful the walk on that beautiful autumn day. The timber was small and there were not a few paths leading in different directions. Doubtless Thoreau, Alcott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller and Ellery Channing had often trod those very places. It was sacred ground. I could not help thinking occasionally that possibly right here Hawthorne in his afternoon ramble may have met Emerson, who was out communing with nature. Hawthorne pays this tribute to the Sage who lived at the opposite side of the village:

"It was good to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. . . . It was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people, wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heavy as new wine."

He has some fun at the expense of the motley crowd that came to see Emerson:

"Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were bores of a very intense water."

A ramble of a half-hour brought me to "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery," and I wondered where it was that Hawthorne encountered Margaret Fuller in his afternoon ramble. How often did the great literary characters wander through this place with no thought that it would ever be consecrated as a cemetery and that they would one day sleep in it almost side by side. In the first years of their



"THE WAYSIDE."

sojourn at Concord, Hawthorne and his wife selected a beautiful knoll adjoining Sleepy Hollow, which they hoped some day to purchase as a residence site. This was not to be. He now sleeps on the same knoll, and near him are Emerson, Thoreau, and the Alcotts.

The cemetery is very beautiful. Nature has done much for it and art has scarcely disturbed it. I was there just after the vandals had attempted to rob the grave of Emerson. It had been repaired and the workmen were removing the superfluous dirt and adjusting the wire fence. One of the workmen explained to me that Emerson was a great orator and used to get a thousand dollars a night for a lecture. I could not help smiling. Though in thought he dwelt on the mountain-tops, in practice he had to grapple with many of the hard problems

of life, and poverty was one of the problems. He did much lecturing through New England at ten dollars a night. His yearly income was about eight hundred dollars from literary work. Emerson's grave is marked by a large rose-quartz boulder without inscription.

Hawthorne's grave is marked with two stones about ten inches high, each containing the one word "HAWTHORNE." At first I was disappointed in this, but at once realized that his works form the grandest monument that could be made. I quite agree with Hugo's estimate of Shakespeare: "No construction of lime, of rock, of iron and of cement is worth the deep breath of genius, which is the inspiration of God through man. A head containing an idea, such is the summit; no heaps of brick and stone can rival it. What edifice equals a thought? Babel is less lofty than Isaiah; Cheops is smaller than Homer; the Coliseum is inferior to Juvenal; the Giralda of Seville is dwarfish by the side of Cervantes; St. Peter's of Rome does not reach to the ankle of Dante. What architect has skill to build a tower as high as the name of Shakespeare?" The same may be said of Hawthorne. No monument can add to his fame.

The Alcott burial lot is only a few feet from Hawthorne's. The only inscriptions on the stones are initials and the year of birth and death, as follows:

L. M. A.	A. M. A.	A. B. A.
1832-1888.	1800-1877.	1799-1888.

Thoreau is buried near the same place and a simple stone marks his resting place.

When Sleepy Hollow was consecrated as a cemetery, Emerson as a matter of course was selected to give an address. I close this sketch with a selection from his eloquent speech on that occasion:

"To this modest spot of God's earth shall repair every sweet and friendly influence; the beautiful night and the beautiful day will come in turn to sit upon the grass. The well beloved birds will not sing one song the less; they will find out the hospitality of this asylum. Sleepy Hollow,—in this quiet valley, as in the palm of nature's hand, we shall sleep well, when we have finished our day. And when these acorns that are falling at our feet are oaks overshadowing our children in a remote century, this mute green bank will be full of history; the good, the wise, the great will have left their names and virtues on the trees, will have made the air tunable and articulate."

## WHO'S AFRAID!

Would she let me, do you s'pose,  
Press a kiss upon her lips—  
Sweeter than the sweet wild rose,  
Where the bee its nectar sips?  
She might turn away and frown—  
Such a foolish little maid!—  
Here's my chance, she glances down;  
I will venture! Who's afraid!

In my own her soft, white hand  
Rests in such a trusting way.  
Does she, think you, understand  
How her touch brings joy to-day?  
If I press the fingers fair  
Of this winsome little maid,  
Will she bid me "Have a care!"?  
I will brave it! Who's afraid!

To my heart I fold her now;  
Call her each endearing name;  
Kiss her lips, and cheek and brow,—  
You would surely do the same,—  
For the truth I must confess  
'Bout this dainty little maid,—  
She's the baby; did you guess?  
And my own, so—who's afraid!

DES MOINES.

Clara Adele Neidig.





MOUNT SHASTA AT A DISTANCE.

## MOUNT SHASTA.

By HAMLIN GARLAND.

ALL the morning the train had pushed north in winding course, beside swift streams of mountain water, clear and smooth and green as floods of liquid glass. Its way led through forests of pine and fir.

Mountains stood close at hand and great peaks glittered in the distance. At times it seemed as if Shasta might be in view, but expectation would not be satisfied with attendant lords, believing it could divine the true king.

Suddenly Shasta broke through the clouds. There could be no mistake this time. This mountain had no fellow.

Up out of its base of measureless wooded hills, a glorious cone built of marble and lined with purple shadows—up, up in unspeakable majesty into the changeless winter of a cloud-like summit—Shasta swept!

On the left of us, Castle Crag rose, splendidly savage, splintered, naked of trees, lava-like. On the right stood foothills, dark with firs, their forms and

shadows aiding the eye to measure the soaring altitude of the chief one of all.

The sky grew dark and gray and wintry clouds drove across the lonely mountains like files of gigantic cranes in level flight.

Between the eye and Shasta came the fine lines of the pines, horizontal, firm, clean-cut and martial, yet delicate withal. The grateful bronze-greens tipped with gray; the silence, sweet and wild, was like the hush in the presence of majesty, the only sounds the wild imperious song of the saw, whose far-off voice seemed to adapt itself to the wildness and joined itself to the sound of water-falls and the moaning snarl of the wind among the taller tree-tops.

The whole land was vast, measureless in sweep of wood and mountain—fit kingdom for such a ruler.

It was wonderful to see how the king dominated us. Hour after hour we rushed toward him, and again and again we seemed to have left him behind—



only to see him swing into view, calm, unmoved and nearer than before, his mighty walls more precipitous and marble-like, his robe of firs more royally purple.

Other peaks apparently on an equality were from time to time lost to view. Shasta calmly waited. He could afford to wait until all other claimants had spoken and slunk away — then he stepped forth, over-reaching wood and foot-hills and lesser mountains, making the gazer's breath quicken with awe and admiration.

Still, he did not disdain surprise. Rounding a hill of dark pines. I saw a cloud curiously lined, high above the hills. While my raised eyes studied this form of vapor it burst, and Shasta stepped forth, turning himself in unsmiling complaisance before my startled eyes, like one secure of his position and reposeful in the swing of his robe of snow — superb and satisfied !

He overlooked and defied the desolating hand of man. The axe could lay waste on the lower levels and blacken and mar the forest and fill the landscape with sloughs of russet, dead branches ;

but Shasta looked disdainfully down upon it all.

He was alone. He must look hundreds of miles away to the north to find his bride. Two hundred miles to the west the shining sea might beckon forever, its flexible, alluring, shining length could not move him. The clouds, cold, gray streams of vapor, the passionless Valkyrie of the air, lay upon his breast an instant — then whirled away in fury of snow.

Again and again the soul tried to rise in imagination to those awful heights. Up, up through banded clouds, stratum above stratum, until at last it pressed foot on the fleckless dome and breathed the austere air of the summit, and, as it caught thus some hint of the unmeasured miles of wood and mountain chains, the soul sank back into the comprehensible surroundings like a bird returning to its sheltered cage. It is too vast and cold and hostile up there.

As night drew on we looked back at Shasta across the valley. The sunset lay golden upon it and its cold, blue shadows had warmed into violet. A mighty



NEARER VIEW OF MOUNT SHASTA.

amphitheatre of mountains built upon an almost immeasurable scale of grandeur — glowing with gold and violet and snow and flame — stood round about the central figure.

Then the train plunged into the mountain side, and snow and drooping snow-laden pines, and monstrous fog-hidden canons were around us.

A solemn silence and obscurity, a heavy hush lay on us. The train slipped down the shining rails with a stealthy, menacing motion,—down into the snow

and darkness where no living thing moved.

It was four thousand feet above the sea and snow fell there almost continuously. The wildness was savage but tranquil, like a sleeping tiger. The sun had left us.

It fled the foot-hills, peak after peak surrendered to the rising darkness, but on the royal mountain's haughty top, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, the light still lay like a crown of red gold set above violet and ermine.

## BEATRICE.\*

### A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

By ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

In the panic winter of 1857, New York society took an uncommon interest in the poor. Perhaps because society was depressed by the financial gloom and could hit upon no other means of enlivening itself. But let us believe it was something more disinterested and humane. It might have been that women — by "society" one generally means women — who could not buy so many diamonds that year, or give so many parties, or order so many Paris gowns, were constrained to think more pityingly and benevolently of those other women who could not buy so many loaves of bread and sticks of wood to feed and warm their little ones. At all events the ultra-fashionables awakened suddenly and bestirred themselves with great enthusiasm to raise a relief fund; not as men raise money, with a passing of the hat and a diving into the pocket and a "See here, boys, there are a lot of people starving over yonder at Five Points,—chip in." No, women are more delicate and roundabout; they do not come at you with the cool demand for a dollar, but hand out a neat little ticket, perhaps, which is a guarantee for an elaborate evening entertainment; and you pay your dollar and

have the satisfaction not only of getting a dollar's worth of pleasure for yourself, but of knowing that you have contributed a dollar's worth of comfort to the miserable Five Pointers.

There are few other ways in which a man can double his money and come out of the transaction with such a clean conscience — nay, with such a righteous feeling of self-approbation.

And then there is all the excitement, the boiling and bubbling of the social kettle stirred to its very dregs by a noble motive. Such a furore among the women to make good the promise of those little tickets, to achieve success and win a certain kind of renown for themselves — to say nothing of the ulterior object. Such a rushing round in carriages and on foot, seeing this one and that one; organizing committees; skirmishing for talent and new ideas; shopping, stitching, attending rehearsals, and withal sustaining little shocks of grieved surprise and anger at the revealed weaknesses of one another; and finally losing the whole beautiful perspective with which the project was set on foot in the *melee* of distracting

\*"Beatrice" was begun in the January MIDLAND. Back numbers can be obtained by writing the publisher.

preparation, and the dreadful possibilities of a complete fiasco!

But when it turns out to be a splendid success, there come a glow and radiance of good feeling all round; congratulations and compliments are freely exchanged; bruised hearts are flushed of petty spites and jealousies,—and a neat sum handed over to the finance committee. And a great deal of restless feminine energy is worked off, the social conscience satisfied, and the poor made happy for a day.

Mrs. Harold Thompson was one of the half-dozen or so women in the city who had a talent for charity entertainments,—an intuitive know-how. This winter she happened neither to be traveling with her husband,—who was gone on a protracted tour to the East Indies with a party of English gentlemen,—nor cruising in southern waters with her brother, Captain Jack; and it was expected that she would do something splendid in that line before the season was over. She had her friend Grace Convers with her, always ready to supplement her efforts in any direction, social, benevolent, or whatever. Grace, who was several years her junior, admired her ardently and loved her devotedly; but was as independent a spirit in some ways as Mrs. Thompson herself.

Mrs. Thompson was a woman of resources and ingenuity. She was charged with a vast amount of noiseless energy, and there radiated from her a serene consciousness of power which was the joy of her associates and the despair of her friendly and unfriendly rivals. People who did not understand Mrs. Thompson, or were jealous of her, said she "spread herself out." Which was true—and unavoidable. She could not help diffusing herself in a gracious, luminous atmosphere almost palpable enough to fill space. She was a tall, ample woman with a fresh complexion and an abundance of wavy chestnut hair, which she dressed simply. The same delicate, elusive perfume always accompanied the soft *frou-frou* of her garments and seemed a part of her agreeable personality.

She was very generous to the rival managers, very sweet in her appreciation of their efforts and successes. She left off her gloves at the various entertainments in order that her large white hands might be free to applaud; and provided herself with quantities of beautiful and costly flowers to throw upon the stage. One could always see her leaning a little forward in her box—if the place of entertainment happened to be a theatre—a smile upon her lips, her large, comprehensive glance taking in the whole effect,—not critically but with an unmistakable kindly interest.

There had been balls, lectures, parlor talks, private theatricals, and the dear knows what all, until it would have seemed there was nothing more to be thought of. But Mrs. Thompson maintained her customary superb tranquillity while waiting for her turn and time, merely replying to a friend or two when questioned about her plans, "Ah, I fear you have exhausted all the resources." But this was mere chaff they knew.

The Thompson residence was not one of the newest brown-stone fronts, but an old-fashioned home-like place, commodious, and in the interior handsome,—filled with luxuries and elegancies from all quarters of the globe. It was but a little way from Madison Square, and Mrs. Thompson might have viewed the chimney-pots of the Vincent mansion from the gable windows of her attic, if she had been curious about the chimney-pots of the Vincent mansion. But she was not; the petty private affairs of her neighbors interested her very little. Her attitude was cosmopolitan, her eye took a wide range. She declared that people the world over were kept in order by certain laws, customs, opinions and creeds of their own human making, or which have been the natural, gradual outgrowth of their respective mental and moral organisms and climatic conditions; and that the nearer the various laws, customs, opinions and creeds approximate to the simplest rule of justice between man and man, the more perfect they are and the

nobler, gentler, happier are the men and women who live and labor in the faith of them. She belonged to the broadest church in New York. But, unlike her husband,—who was that curious anomaly, a bigot on the liberal side,—she was tolerant, indulgent even, toward all the others.

One crisp clear morning in the latter part of January Mrs. Thompson was sitting at the piano in an up-stairs room, going over a multitude of musical compositions; not for practice nor for her own or Grace's entertainment, but to test their respective merits with reference to a specific object. Large flat books and unbound sheets were scattered round upon the floor and on tables and chairs. Mrs. Thompson was neat in her methods but not fussy; she could endure a pleasant litter of things when there was an excuse for it.

Grace was nestled in a wide divan in the big bow-window, with one slippers foot tucked under her and a bit of practical needle-work in her hands,—a fine silk stocking with the premonition of a hole in its toe. Her occupation did not hold her attention resolutely, and her glance was continually wandering down into the street, merry with bells and gay with life and color.

Fine flakes of frost detached from the skeleton trees sparkled everywhere in the cold bright air. Now and then she saw some one she knew, dashing by in a cutter or a sleigh. Once a gentleman looked up and touched his fur cap to her. She nodded, smiled, and found herself blushing a little.

From time to time Mrs. Thompson, without taking her strong flexible fingers from the keys, broke out with an exclamation or a question: "Listen to this, Grace!" or, "How does that strike you?"

Miss Convers expressed her opinion freely. "Very pretty, but it seems to me it would not be particularly effective," she said once; and again, "Beautiful! but whom can you get to sing it? Of course you count on Mrs. Priestly—and Jack Vandever? Lucky for you Mr. Vandever

has been away all these weeks, Emma; they would have had him all worn out. He went by just now looking extremely well,—or it might have been the cold,—he had a fine color."

"O, he is back then," said Mrs. Thompson, dropping her hands and turning round with an expression of interest. "I must see him immediately. I wonder if the bride and groom came with him?"

"I suppose so, of course; but they were to go on out to Chicago to visit the bride's family. Did you know the Pembrokes, Emma?"

"Somewhat, but they went west shortly after Mabel was sent abroad to school. Mabel, you know, inherited a fortune from some ancient relative of her mother's."

"Yes," said Grace, and added with a smile, "Roger Vandever probably did not marry her for that."

"Hardly," said Mrs. Thompson, and turned again to her playing, but in a moment stopped and listened.

A rich foreign voice was audible in the hall below. It was the hour Mrs. Thompson had appointed for an interview with Herr Wilhelm. The servant had had orders to show him up-stairs, and in due time he appeared,—a breezy little man with a ruddy complexion, shifty black eyes, a mammoth mustache and a dot of beard just under his lower lip. His hair was rather long,—though not conspicuously so,—black and oily and combed straight back from a not particularly intellectual forehead. He was dressed like a gentleman, not like a professional.

"Goot-morning, Matame! goot-morning, Mees Graze!" he cried cheerfully, as though he were hailing them from across the street. "I hope I see you bote vell dis fine morning? Lofely morning, blenty off schnow, schleigh-bells jinkling, everyting merry as a Christmas ball."

His quick eye, darting round the room like a humming-bird, alighted upon the coal fire glowing genially in the grate, and he strode toward it—with the stride of a little person possessing the corporeal

ambition of a giant—and planted himself before it man-wise, his small pointed-toed shoes sinking deep in a white bear-skin rug. He gave a snort of satisfaction as he took in the *ensemble* of the well-appointed room—it was the first time he had been received there—and felt the warmth of the fire stealing over his body.

"You haf it very comfortable here, laties," he remarked approvingly. "It is glorious outdside, as I haf observed, but cold, cold. An atmosphere such as dis suits me better."

Mrs. Thompson replied that she supposed it was pretty cold but she had not been out. Miss Convers who had put both feet on the floor when the Professor was announced, dropped her work in her lap and sat regarding him with an amused interest. He was not conscious that his dignity was compromised by her smiling attitude,—and indeed Grace had no intention of being disrespectful, it was simply that Herr Wilhelm always affected her like a comedy.

"Vell, and vhat haf you decided upon?" he asked abruptly.

The question was so manifestly directed to Miss Convers that she felt obliged to answer.

"I have not decided upon anything," she said; "I am only an adjunct, you know,—the fifth wheel."

"I beg your pardon," he returned quickly, "I supposed you vas de main-spring."

"I have been thinking, Professor," interrupted Mrs. Thompson who was busy with her music, putting the right sheets together, "that we might make up a program of selections from various operas,—put them on the stage with the proper settings you know. There is *Fra Diavolo*, for instance, and *Semiramide*, and *Lucia de Lammermoor*."

"And the *Bohemian Girl*," put in Grace; "nothing could be more fetching than 'I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls'—unless it is the exquisite Duet in *Norma*."

"You are ridt, Mees Graze," the Professor assented with deference. "For

simple melody de *Bohemian Girl* is unsurpassed. And *Norma* is grand!"

"Mrs. Priestly could sing the *Solo* with great effect," said Grace, "providing—" Mrs. Thompson looked at her and she broke off.

"Ah, Mrs. Briestly! she can sing anything, mitoudt a prowiso," exclaimed the Professor with unction. Miss Convers laughed. She was about to say, "providing there was a *Lover* to her taste."

"But not everything—on this occasion," said Mrs. Thompson; "we want variety in singers as well as in music. I wish we had a bran-new voice—that nobody has ever heard, a voice that would be a revelation!"

"Hah, I know a voice vhat would be a refelation," cried the Professor, slapping his thigh. "Vas you ever acquainted mit von Matame Derwine who keeps a Yong Laties' Pension over in Brooklyn yonder?"

"Madame Derouen? O, yes, everybody knows Madame Derouen," replied Mrs. Thompson.

"Whom not to know argues one's self obscure," murmured Grace.

"Vell! dere is over in dat school a yong girl mit a vonterful voice,—and a bran-new voice, as you say, Matame; vchich, if my modesty vill excuse me, I haf myself made."

"O, then it must be unique," said Grace.

"You are quite ridt, Mees, it is unique; I know no oder voice mit vchich it to compare."

Mrs. Thompson asked who this prodigy was.

"Her name, it is La Schalla, Mees Beatrice La Schalla," answered the Professor. "She is from Louisiana, a Greole, you know."

The two women looked at each other in lively astonishment, but immediately corrected the glance.

"Do you think she would sing in our concert?" Mrs. Thompson asked.

The Professor shrugged his shoulders and slanted his eyes upward. "O, vell, dat depends. I might possibly intercete for you."

"But I know Madame Derouen very well, perhaps I might better see her myself."

"As you like, Matame." The Professor bowed deeply.

An hour later Mrs. Thompson ordered her carriage and she and Miss Convers drove over and called at the Knickerbocker Palace and asked to see Madame Derouen. Madame treated the proposition with some coolness. "These French Creoles are *vair* exclusive," she said, "they hold themselves — well, you know, not common. It is rather bourgeois, is it not, to sing for public entertainments?"

"Some very elegant people think it is not beneath their dignity to sing for charitable entertainments," returned Mrs. Thompson affably; "there is Mrs. Priestly, you know, and Mr. Vandever."

"Ah, to be sure, and *vair* gracious of them. But, *parbleu!* both are so well known."

"There is something in that, of course, but — have you any objection to our seeing the young lady, Madame Derouen?"

"*Mon Dieu!* why should I object?" Madame stepped out and sent a maid to summon Beatrice.

"She will recognize us," said Grace, "and it may be awkward for her."

"She will soon see that we are friends," answered Mrs. Thompson.

It was not awkward for Beatrice in the least. She came into the room with a little natural air of expectation and acknowledged the introduction courteously, and immediately afterward exclaimed, with a brightening of glance which betokened quite unembarrassed recognition, "I have seen you at L'Ile Dérnière!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Thompson, "I was sure it must be you when Professor Wilhelm mentioned your name. La Scalla is not a common name."

"No," Beatrice answered, "I suppose not; they are all related, all the La Scallas."

"What an inscrutable young person," thought Miss Convers.

"I am very glad to meet you again — here," said Mrs. Thompson with the kindest manner, a manner which almost expressed sympathy and invited confidence, but so delicately that only one who was in need of a friend would so interpret it. Miss Convers glanced at her quickly as if to say, "That is quite thrown away, Emma!" For Beatrice only thanked her without appearing to note the slight emphasis on the last word. The expression of her face had changed a little however, and Mrs. Thompson divined what memories had been stirred by the thought of L'Ile Dérnière. She wondered if Beatrice knew of her husband's deplorable connection with M. La Scalla's death, and decided that she did not; otherwise she could not have preserved that perfect composure. She changed the subject abruptly, and with a forcefulness that could not but change the current of thought as well.

"We have come to see you on a matter of business, Miss Beatrice," she said animatedly. "We are getting up a musical entertainment to raise money for the suffering poor in Five Points, — and we are in need of a Voice, an altogether out-of-the-common sort of a Voice. And the Herr Professor under whom you are studying — and who therefore is qualified to judge — has recommended yours."

"Mine!" cried Beatrice, a red tide rushing to her face. It was plain to see that pleasure mingled with her astonishment.

"Yes, will you loan it to us, — remember it is for sweet charity?" smiled Mrs. Thompson.

"O, if I could!" said Beatrice with kindling, dilating eyes, but a kind of shrinking in her manner. "But I cannot, O, it is impossible, indeed it is impossible! You are very kind, Mrs. Thompson, and it was kind of the Professor; but I have never sung in public, never at all."

The thought frightened her, yet it tingled through her body deliciously. Was it not her summons to the ranks of the great moving, marching world? In



a quick introspective flash she seemed to see again the magnificent French theatre with its splendor of light and color; to be conscious of the pulsing, throbbing, thrilling vibration of the warm, perfumed atmosphere; to listen to the subdued, pleasant rustle of a forest of fans and of women's dresses — like a soft wind among the pines; to feel the ineffable *rapport* of the mighty audience and its intense concentration upon a single wonderful figure, — a radiant woman, smiling, self possessed, alive to the supreme distinction of her position but supremely simple, divinely gracious, and with a voice that might have been chosen out of the choirs of heaven! "O, Albani, Albani, if I could!" she thought, and in her deep secret soul she felt that she could if she dared.

"You might at least try," persuaded Mrs. Thompson, as though the thought was legible in her face.

"You see, that is all they really ask of you at present," broke in Miss Convers with her humorous smile. "These little cliques are fiercely jealous of one another, they will turn themselves into perfect barbarians rather than risk a failure. I assure you they would sacrifice you without the slightest compunction if they found you inadequate! And this, looked at in the right way, is greatly to your advantage, Miss Beatrice — if you happen to be fostering a secret ambition. Make the trial, and these unscrupulous benefactors of the poor will let you know in short order just where you stand."

"My dear, we are not infallible," corrected Mrs. Thompson with mild rebuke.

Beatrice was conscious of a slight feeling of resentment. "They would not find me inadequate," she thought with deep conviction — which had not its root in vanity, but in an intuitive understanding of herself, that genuine self-consciousness which must come sooner or later to all persons endowed with special gifts.

The same thought was in Madame Derouen's mind, and she expressed it with a laugh in which there was a harsh note. Beatrice and her voice she had

come to regard as one of the "features" of her School, and Miss Convers' remark had the effect of an unpleasant reflection.

"O, I am sure they would not," Grace hastened to say. "I merely suggested the possibility in order to make it more difficult for Miss Beatrice to refuse!"

She had in fact made it impossible for Beatrice to refuse. It was arranged that Herr Wilhelm should come over and give her a little preliminary drill.

"*Subir l'examen!*" said Madame with a shrug.

"O, no," returned Mrs. Thompson good-naturedly. "I fear Grace has put me in a bad light."

"But, however, I am to sing only on condition that you are perfectly satisfied with me," said Beatrice.

"I am safe," laughed Mrs. Thompson, rising and pulling her big fur cloak around her. "My confidence in Herr Wilhelm's judgment is as firm as my religious faith."

When the ladies left, Beatrice ran upstairs and shut herself in her room. Self-contained as she was, there was something in the present situation which made her long for sympathetic companionship, and she wished Evalina were there. But the northern winter had proved too severe for her delicate constitution and she had returned home in the midst of the holidays. Just now she and her mother were in New Orleans visiting the Chevannes. In her last letter she had given a detailed account of all that she was seeing and doing. Some parts of this letter had moved Beatrice deeply.

"Old Aunt M'rye, you must remember her," Evalina wrote, "took me out on to the back gallery this morning to show me the curious shut-in court where your dear little childhood was spent! There was the broad low door-step where you used to sit and look up at the sky and think those wonderful thoughts you have so often told me about; and the great mulberry tree, and the honeysuckle vine, and the rose-bushes, and the big cistern. But I did not see a single chameleon, or grasshopper, or any of your pets! There



were only a few bees droning, and a toad or two,—you did not care for the toads, did you? I can't remember. But just as we were about to go back into the house who should pop out of a door directly opposite us but your funny little old wig-maker, with a lot of nicely-dressed wigs which he proceeded to try on, one after another, exactly as of old,—standing before the tiny looking-glass tacked to the door-post. I wonder if he has been at that all these years? I suppose so, of course. But it just seemed as if he was doing it on purpose—as they do in a play—to make good the traditions of the place. I confess that if it had not been for him I should have been disappointed. Somehow the little court did not seem like your charming descriptions of it; it looked very empty and desolate. But I know why, it is because the distinguished little Personality which gave it life and interest is not there! You *are* distinguished in a way, *bien-aimée*, there is no one else in all the world like my darling Betty, and any place where you are is sure to be full of life and interest."

Evalina also wrote about the cemeteries, abloom with roses though it was midwinter, and about attending service in the old church near Jackson Park. And Beatrice shuddered at the revived memory of Miss Rosamond's dismal funeral and the terrors she experienced on that day. Ever since reading the letter she had seemed to be living her lonely little past all over again. And it was a relief, a joy to turn to the future opening before her like the rosy dawn of a glorious new day. She sat down and wrote a long letter to Evalina, pouring out her heart to her as she could to no one else, and yet reserving much.

Herr Wilhelm came with the music the following day, and immediately hastened to make his report to Mrs. Thompson. "She vill do," he cried triumphantly, "I knew dere could be no mishtake about dat voice! Ah, it is von glorious gift Mees Be-at-ricce La Schalla haf. You should hear her take dose high notes—schlick as a foxhound clears de fence in

a shace! And de low vons sweet and mellow and sympathetic. It is a—vot you call?—*penetrant* voice, it find oudt all vhat you feel off pain or plessure, or vhat not."

Mrs. Thompson listened with delight, and Miss Convers remarked, "You are always in luck, Emma. People say you have a talent for success, but I contend that you were born under a lucky star."

"Vhich is de same ting as genyuse, Mees Graze," said the Professor.

They were still talking of Beatrice when Mr. John Vandever was announced and shown up into the music room. Mr. Vandever was always welcome wherever he chose or chanced to present himself. His musical talent was by no means his most important or most agreeable characteristic. You thought first of the man and then of his gift—which was putting a high value upon his individuality. While he spent his ample income in a free and easy manner, there was yet considerable attentiveness to the question of an equivalent; and he looked after his investments with a shrewd eye. He was versatile in light accomplishments,—a graceful dancer and very clever in private theatricals; a man, in short, whom society could not well do without. He had been the hope and the despair of new belles and managing mammas for ten years past. Just now society was coupling his name with that of Grace Convers; but Grace herself maintained a non-committal air. She could not help brightening a little, however, when he came into her presence—but for that matter no one could. Mrs. Thompson got quite up from her chair and held out her hand to him, a politeness she had not shown the Professor.

"I am glad to see you," she said, with a straight, cordial look. "We are going to arrange for the rehearsals right away. The Professor has found us a new singer,—why, you must know her, Jack, one of Madame Derouen's pupils, her name is La Scalla?"

"O, Miss Beatrice," said Jack. "Yes, I know her—as I know the other young

ladies over there, which is to say in not a very personal way. And she is going to take part?"

"Yes, and what do you suppose she is going to be, for one thing? *The Daughter of the Regiment*,—with you for *The Sergeant!*"

"O, you have got the work all cut out," said he. "The Daughter of the Regiment! Aren't you a little ambitious?"

"Ambitious, but not presumptuous," she returned, "unless you think I have been presuming in putting you down without consulting you?"

"Make your peace with the injured public," said Jack. "I am always humbly at your service," he added with his hand on his heart.

"What consecration!" laughed Grace.

"What fooling!" scoffed the Professor, stamping round on the white bear-skin rug.

After the two men went away, Miss Convers—who was seldom without a needle in her fingers—sat stitching in silence for some seconds. She was thinking hard and fast, and finally her thought broke away from her.

"It seems to me it is a ticklish business for Beatrice' pedigree to have been kept a secret here."

Mrs. Thompson, who had gone over and sat down by the fire and pulled a big Maltese cat up into her lap, whose fur she was stroking, replied, "Perhaps; but clearly it is none of our business, dear."

"You can never be charged with meddlesomeness Emma," Grace answered with a laugh. "But it is my besetting sin. O, I don't mean that I shall interfere, or that I ever do interfere in other people's affairs maliciously; but my mind can't help busying itself, that is all. I was just thinking that if anybody—say Jack Vandever, though he is not more likely than anyone else I suppose—were to fall in love with Beatrice! Jack looked mightily pleased when you told him he was to sing with her."

"If Jack Vandever falls in love with anyone," said Mrs. Thompson, rocking gently to and fro and enjoying her little

hour of idleness, "take my word for it, it will not be on account of pedigree, supposed or real. Jack has pedigree enough of his own."

The two women had discussed this matter of Beatrice' pedigree immediately after their interview with her. They knew it was a secret, otherwise Beatrice would not be where she was.

"It doesn't seem quite honest," Grace insisted, going back to the beginning of the subject. "And the child carries it off with such an air."

"You would not have her placard herself, would you?" said Mrs. Thompson. "Her 'air' indicates to my mind simply a grand self-respect. None of us, my dear, go round advertising the disgraceful things about ourselves—if you call this poor child's misfortune a disgrace."

"O, I do not blame Beatrice," answered Grace, "but it isn't quite fair on Madame La Scalla's part. She knows better; that is a shrewd woman, Emma. I should not wonder if she is laughing in her sleeve at this moment for having foisted her handsome ex-slave girl upon New York aristocratic society! It is a situation which a southern woman, with a turn for the humorous, would enjoy at this particular time, I fancy."

"You forget how all the La Scallas appeared to love Beatrice," said Mrs. Thompson, "that it was really in defence of her that Monsieur La Scalla lost his life. No, if they have any design it is simply kindness to Beatrice. And perhaps they think as I do, that it is a private matter, nobody's affair but their own."

"But that is not true, Emma; suppose, as I said, some man of caste should wish to marry her?"

"Then it would become *his* affair. 'Caste' is a word I do not like. Social distinctions as social distinctions do not exist for me. How often have I told you, Grace, that, other things being equal, a civilized Hottentot is just as respectable in my opinion as any other creature with a soul!"

"O, I know, you want to reduce the whole human race to one big happy fam-

ily," retorted Grace; "but God never meant it to be so!"

"How do you know?" said Mrs. Thompson with imperturbable good-nature. "God filled the earth with germs, coarse specimens, crude material; and left it to Man to work perfection."

"Well, man works perfection by a process of careful selection, not by indiscriminate mixing up," said Grace triumphantly.

A maid came in with Mrs. Priestly's card.

"O, don't have her up here," begged Grace, and Mrs. Thompson let the cat slip off her lap and rose to go down,—but took time to answer.

"There I agree with you, Grace; but in making our selections let us look to it that we do not discriminate against the most exquisite specimens because they happen not to be found in a particular class."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

After the first general rehearsal Mrs. Thompson had no hesitancy in placing Beatrice's name on the program and making it one of the strong features in advertising. She did this judiciously, with reference to the reputed jealousy of musical people—who perhaps are not more jealous than other people after all.

But in spite of her delicate management there was a slight jar now and then. Miss Convers thought it originated with Mrs. Priestly; but Mrs. Thompson ridiculed the idea; Mrs. Priestly was only too happy of the opportunity to win fresh laurels from an adoring public, and why should she wish to make a disturbance? But Grace had a keen insight, and a more acute faculty for detecting the frailties of human nature than her amiable friend. The trouble, she thought, was either about Beatrice or Jack Vandever—or both, since they were to sing together. There was no disguising the fact, at least from as intuitive a person as Grace Convers, that Mrs. Priestly—though she had a worthy husband of her own—was exceedingly partial to Jack.

Not in the broad, frank, open way which characterizes the partiality of married women for unmarried men in these rapid end-of-the-century days, but none the less culpably perhaps, and with no less keen delight in the situation which awards to the unblushing matron the flowers of chivalry that should bloom only for the modest maid. Doubtless there was something even more delicious and sinful in the situation then than now, because a woman's conscience was more tender and the risk of losing caste was greater.

Miss Convers was right, Mrs. Priestly would herself have liked the rôle of *Marie*, with Jack Vandever as *The Sergeant*, notwithstanding her mature years and matronly figure. She still felt equal to light and graceful playing, on the stage or off. And she had not forgotten the unfavorable comparison of herself with Madame Alboni which Beatrice had unwittingly made. She fancied that she was the victim of a "scheme," and that Grace Convers was at the bottom of it. On the surface all was smooth, but there was secret war between these two. They smiled, but stabbed each other with their eyes,—and both knew the cause but neither was in a position to confess it to a living soul.

Mrs. Priestly and Beatrice were to do the celebrated *Duet* in *Norma*, with appropriate tableau. Their voices harmonized exquisitely, and at the last rehearsal the spectators declared with enthusiasm that you might search the world over in vain for two people who could better look, act, and sing the parts.

"*Gott in himmel!*" exclaimed Herr Wilhelm to the leader of the orchestra, "if I could injuce dose two laties to go upon de stage mit me for de manager, my fordune vas made."

"Can't you?" asked the leader with a smile.

"Donner!" returned the Professor, "I might as vell propose dat scheme to Queen Victoria!"

"I never heard Queen Victoria could sing," said the man, and the Professor

looked at him in disgust and disdained explanation. "De tam schtupidity of dese Yankee fiddlers!" he muttered and stalked away.

In Madame Derouen's *pension* there was a furore of excitement over the coming event. Every girl there—and Madame herself—felt an almost personal interest in it. For was not Beatrice representing them all, in a way? It was their little coterie against the best talent of New York. That was the way they put it. There was not a pang of envy, but only pride, admiration, and the most affectionate and inspiring sympathy.

Beatrice had never been more entirely happy than in those days, never more full of that sweet and gay delight which had come to be one of her most lovable characteristics. She seemed suddenly to have acquired a more mature look and bearing, to spring from simple, blithe-some girlhood to adorable, mysterious young-womanhood. Her companions noted it—as they noted everything about her—and said it was because she was associating with such "swell grown-up folks," young gentlemen and all. "If I were to be handed into a carriage by Mr. John Vandever," said Kate Kavanagh, "as he hands Beatrice into Mrs. Thompson's carriage, I should feel myself twenty at least."

Madame Derouen attended to Beatrice's costumes, which necessitated many consultations with Grace Convers, who had the supervision of those things. Beatrice's allowance was liberal and she could have whatever was thought desirable. In amateur theatricals there is usually *carte blanche* in this respect, for everyone likes to look her best regardless of the situation and of the character she personates.

When the beautiful garments came home and Beatrice tried them on, with all the girls standing round to admire her, and going into raptures over her, Kate Kavanagh exclaimed quizzically, "I wonder if the entertainment will net as much as those things cost!"

Another girl chimed in, "O, there's always more than one ax to grind, and

sometimes the little axes are of greater importance than the big one. What chiefly concerns us is that Beatrice shall score a tremendous success—and beat Mrs. Priestly all hollow!"

There was laughter and clapping of hands; but Beatrice had not heard. She was listening to Miss Avery telling her that it reminded her so much of the night Miss Annie was married and the household all came to look at her in her wedding dress. "A virgin's dress looks very much like a bride's dress," she said admiringly. Beatrice at the moment had on the Duet costume.

There were tears in Miss Avery's eyes, and some one asked her jokingly what she was crying about.

"O, I don't know," she answered with a smile that made her face like an April day. "It always affects me so to see a lovely young girl dressed all in white."

Some of the girls had felt tears in their eyes too, and perhaps none of them could have given any better reason for them; so many things that touch the emotions are too delicate for analysis.

"The situation is getting too strained," some one exclaimed. "Beatrice is so splendid that we are all melting in her rays like 'sna' wreaths in May'! Do go and take off your finery, Beatrice, it will be enough for you to dazzle us to-morrow night! And Miss Avery, please go to the piano."

In a twinkling the whole roomful of girls were circling and swaying to rapturous waltz music and the evening wound up in wild merriment.

Soon after Beatrice went upstairs Madame Derouen came to her door to apprise her, with many apologies, of a fact she had forgotten until that moment: Mr. Burgoyne La Scalla had called that afternoon while she was at the rehearsal. He was greatly disappointed at not seeing her; he would be leaving the city almost immediately, and had embraced the only opportunity he was likely to have of coming over to Brooklyn.

"But," said Madame, "I gave him a program and told him he must surely

stay long enough to see you in grand opera!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Beatrice with a thrill of joy which ended in a pang of regret, "how sorry I am!" She had known Burgoyne was coming to New York. Evalina had written that her mother had invited Mrs. Vincent and Helen to spend the Lenten season at the Plantation, and that Burgoyne—who had not seen them since their recent return from their prolonged foreign travels—was going north to fetch them. The marriage, so long deferred, was to take place soon after Easter.

Beatrice had not seen Burgoyne since she had first entered Madame Derouen's school. But she had had many kind messages from him, through Evalina, and her relations with him were still of the friendliest. Burgoyne was her unconquered beau-ideal, the standard by which she unconsciously measured all other men. Lately she had thought Mr. Jack Vandever resembled him somewhat, not in appearance or in character, but in a certain kindliness and attentiveness of manner. He was helpful to her about her music as Burgoyne had been about the antique architecture of Venice and the paintings in the Vatican. There was nothing in the history, the development, the technique of music which Mr. Vandever did not know, and he had both the confidence and the modesty appertaining to perfect knowledge. Already she looked upon him as a friend. Besides seeing him always at the rehearsals she had met him at a good many little suppers and luncheons at Mrs. Thompson's. Other people beside the girls at Madame Derouen's were beginning to observe his chivalrous attitude toward her and to throw out the usual suggestive little comments.

The night preceding the Entertainment was one of Beatrice's wakeful times. She often had them, times when she would lie awake for hours looking up into the night sky. She felt more intensely alive then than at any other time, to have the fullest possession of herself, to comprehend her place, her relations, her moral

attitude toward the world, toward God—in whose divine but remote existence she believed; in a word to know herself better.

The shutters were open and the curtains pulled back. The house was quiet, the street sounds all hushed; there were only the mysterious little ghostly noises which steal into the solemn silences of night,—the little creaking, cracking, snapping noises of a winter night. The brightest and coldest of moons looked down upon the whitest and coldest of worlds. The stars had taken their places in the great blue field to form those wonderful, never-varying constellations which always reminded her of the voyage on the "Baltic," when they all sat out on deck and Burgoyne played his violin, and Hugh discoursed about the heavens, and the Professor and the Artist paid deferential court to Madame La Scalla. All these memories and many more stirred in her consciousness. She had so many things to think about; her perfect life here at Madame Derouen's, with the delightful companionship of a host of warm-hearted girls; Evalina's affectionate letters, and Burgoyne's visit which she had unfortunately missed; Mrs. Thompson's enveloping friendship and Miss Convers' curiously capricious kindness; Mr. Vandever's marked courteousness, Mrs. Priestley's chill politeness—which she could but attribute to that lady's haughty temperament—and the frank cordiality of her other musical associates.

With respect to the Entertainment now so close at hand, she felt, strangely enough, not the slightest trepidation. She knew she would not fail. She had had a few great moments in her life when it had seemed as if nothing could harm her, when a marvelous spiritual buoyancy, a fine frenzy of exaltation seemed to lift her above material conditions and circumstances. And now upon the eve of her début before a great and critical New York audience she felt herself circling toward one of these rare culminant moments, as an eagle circles toward the commanding crag.

It was a magnificent audience that filled the Music Hall for "Mrs. Thompson's Charity Entertainment," as it was called, — not only in numbers but in quality, for the best people turned out. The affair had been thoroughly advertised, and then it was the very last thing before Lent.

In one of the most conspicuous boxes sat Helen Vincent and her mother, with Mr. Vincent and Burgoyne back of them. The box to their right had been secured by Mr. Jack Vandever for his brother Roger and his bride, who had just returned from the West. There was a little stir of curiosity as they made their appearance. Roger, like his bachelor brother, had been a popular beau in New York society some years previous, and his erstwhile admirers were eager to see what sort of a choice he had made. Mabel bore the inspection well. She was a tall handsome girl, with a charming manner. She was dressed in white as became her brideship, and wore exquisite jewels.

Her husband when he looked at her gave one the impression of not having as yet fully persuaded himself that he was the actual possessor of so much loveliness. He himself was getting a little bald, a little thick-waisted, and had a suggestion of crows'-feet round the eyes. The belles of a dozen years ago noted these cruel changes, but to Mabel he was still an Adonis, — but then Mabel had not known him at twenty-five.

She thought Jack magnificent.

Jack put her into her chair and arranged her satin-lined opera cloak in such a way that she looked like a pearl rising out of a pink sea-shell, — he knew so well how to do these things, — and then disappeared.

The orchestra was beginning its grand overture, an incomparable medley arranged by the leader himself, and made up of pleasing airs from all the operas drawn upon for the singers' program; a resumé, or a suggestion, of the whole evening's performance.

During the progress of the overture people rustled into their seats, greeted

one another in cordial undertones, and nodded and smiled at everything and everybody; and there was that delightful flutter of excitement and expectancy which betokens the deepest interest in what is to come. The bride and Helen Vincent caught each other's eye and exchanged elaborate bows in the face of all New York, as one might say, for all the opera glasses were leveled at these two conspicuous beauties. And then both settled back into their places and surveyed the happy scene with serene content, conscious that they were young and lovely and the center of attraction.

The curtain came up on a rousing chorus from *Fra Diavolo*, which enhanced the good feeling if that were possible. The audience applauded generously — as had been their good-natured intention, but with a burst of spontaneity too, for it was worth it. Grace slipped into one of the stage boxes for a peep at the house, and reported to Mrs. Thompson that this was no mere tin-whistle enthusiasm! The chorus of course came back in response to the encore, and sang a humorous selection with some good hits in it, which raised a prodigious laugh. This was followed by a quintette of male voices, something more dignified and serious to keep the balance even. And then came Mrs. Priestly as the *Bohemian Girl*. The moment she appeared there was that quick, unhesitating recognition with which an audience greets a well-known favorite. There was not much curiosity, they knew just what she was capable of; and certainly she did not fall below the mark. Some said that she even surpassed herself, that her voice had never before risen so full and clear. It was a ringing, metallic voice, with a sort of clarion note in it. She smiled upon her audience with a conscious graciousness which made them sensible of her great condescension. Ladies whispered gushingly to one another, "Isn't it just lovely of Mrs. Priestly to give herself out so for the benefit of the poor!"

After her song and recall, there was an *entr'acte*, and then the orchestra tuned



up for another masterpiece. Mrs. Priestly drew a mass of downy fluffiness round her bare white shoulders and asked Jack Vandever to take her out to his brother's box, to meet the bride whom she was dying to know, and also that she might see a little of the entertainment from a better vantage-ground. She was not to come on again until the very last thing. The worst part of being in a show, she said, was being behind the scenes.

Mr. Roger Vandever had been one of Mrs. Priestly's early lovers, before she was married. There was no embarrassment in their meeting, however,—neither of them was so unsophisticated as that. Roger introduced her to Mabel, who made a place for her where she could see and be seen, and gracefully complimented her singing and her generosity. "We all know that true charity does not consist in the mere giving of money," she said sweetly. Mrs. Priestly thanked her with much feeling and breathed a complacent little sigh, and began to look round with a slow turning of the head and eyes to see who were in the other boxes.

The orchestra made an adroit transition into "The Light of Early Days was Breaking"; the portieres at the back of the stage were drawn apart and *The Daughter of the Regiment* stepped out and walked down toward the footlights.

And now there was an intensity of interest which had been lacking when Mrs. Priestly sang. Necks were craned this way and that, and everybody was on the *qui vive* to catch the first glimpse of the remarkable young girl about whom so much had been said. There was a little perfunctory clapping which subsided immediately and was followed by a rapidly rising sensation like the wide sweep of an on-coming wind. *Marie* opened her lips, and at the first sound of her marvelous voice the gathering volume of applause was hushed into breathless silence. It was a voice which not only appealed to the outer ear trained in technism, but also challenged the inmost soul to sit on the threshold of hearing and sob with an infinity of pain and rapture.

People leant a little forward in their seats and put all the energy of body and mind into looking and listening. What was there in that voice which sank so deep, so deep, which searched out such strange and sweet emotions, such undreamt of tendernesses? And why did those glorious eyes kindle an ecstasy in which joy and sorrow mingled?

Beatrice had not miscalculated, it was one of her great moments—her greatest moment. Like Raphael Meng's *Virgin* in the act of mounting heavenward, one delicate foot poised upon the Earth, unconsciously spurning it, she seemed poised above this multitude, a sublime and youthful figure, with a face of infinite beauty, with a form of matchless symmetry, and a grace unspeakable.

The girls from Madame Derouen's clutched one another's hands and wondered, "Is this our Beatrice!" They had never seen her look like that before. Miss Avery was dissolved in tears of which she was blissfully unconscious. Even Mrs. Vincent was moved and Helen was thrilled in spite of herself. She glanced at Burgoyne and felt a fierce pang of jealousy, and encouraged the sensation because of the delicious element of tragedy in it. She had not yet ceased to play with her emotions. Nothing had ever yet gone very wrong with Helen, so she could afford to do this.

Suddenly in the midst of the romantic ballad and when the orchestra is thinning down to a mere thread of an accompaniment, another voice is heard in the distance piping a very different air, the jolly, rollicking *Rataplan*. *Marie* breaks off, listens, a transcendent light leaps into her eyes, and, turning, she catches up the strain and bounds forward to meet the gallant *Sergeant*; and together they continue the song and describe as they sing the beautiful military evolutions of the Regiment, as they have rarely, if ever, been described in any camp or upon any stage! The effect is tremendous, people look at one another with shining eyes and exclaim, "Oh! how beautiful!" "Oh! how delightful!"



The performance ends, the last flourish of trumpets sweeps the graceful pair off the stage, and the curtain falls and will not go up again in spite of the thunders of applause. But finally *The Sergeant* steps out from a wing leading the beautiful *Marie* by the tips of her slender fingers, and they smile and bow and bow and smile again, and disappear and cannot be brought back. "It is dreadful they did not have an encore," Grace complained. But Mrs. Thompson had not permitted it; she wished to economize Beatrice, she said. "She is going to sing again," some one exclaims, "look at your program." And sure enough, her name is at the very bottom of the page. Mrs. Priestly's name is there too, but that does not matter so much.

Mabel Vandever with glistening eyelashes turned to her husband and Mrs. Priestly. "O, isn't she wonderful!" she said. "But then, one would know,—she has the gift of her race, the melody, the pathos, the rhythm, the very poetry of music and motion! You see it all through the South, crude of course in most instances, and—" She broke off, Mrs. Priestly was staring at her with eyes as hard and bright as steel. "What do you mean, Mrs. Vandever," she cried, "that Beatrice is colored?"

Mabel's face turned as white as her gown. "Why, did you not know—does not everyone know?" she asked, appalled. "Surely it cannot be a secret! The Vincents know, and the Thompsons,—why, it was Mr. Thompson who offered to purchase Beatrice' freedom, down at L'Ile Dernière only two or three years ago, and it resulted in a quarrel which was the cause of Monsieur La Scalla's death. Helen Vincent's friend, Fifine Cardonnet, told me the story. You remember Fifine, Roger. You have simply not been informed, Mrs. Priestly," Mabel continued, recovering herself a little. "And you gave me a dreadful fright. You see it is utterly impossible that these facts should not be generally known. How came Beatrice here? Did the Thompsons finally persuade her to come away with them?"

"I know nothing about her," said Mrs. Priestly icily, "except that she is in school here."

"Dear unfortunate girl!" said Mabel, "so beautiful and yet with such a curse upon her!"

Mrs. Priestly's emotions were very different. She was furiously indignant. To think that she, Mrs. Priestly, had been asked to sing in public with a colored slave-girl—and by people who *knew*! It was an unheard-of affront. She could not be very angry with Mrs. Thompson,—it was simply another of her philanthropic freaks. But Grace Convers!—there was the sting. Grace would sit back and be hatefully amused. O, the ignominy of it! Another thought occurred to her and she laughed a malicious little laugh to herself: "It is a great joke on Mr. Jack!" She excused herself and got up hastily and found her way back to the Green Room, but did not go in. Beatrice was there with the light of her great triumph shining in her eyes, and Jack Vandever was looking at her adoringly, and Mrs. Thompson was congratulating her. Herr Wilhelm stood a little to one side, a daring proposition burning on his tongue.

Presently the Vincent party made their appearance, and Beatrice sprang forward—exactly as she had done on the stage when she heard the *Sergeant's Rataplan*—and Burgoyne caught both her hands, and seemed as glad as she. "Beatrice," he said, "you don't know how proud I am of you! What do you suppose Evalina will say when I tell her?"

Jack Vandever stepped quietly out and encountered Mrs. Priestly in the ante-room.

"O, you here?" he said, "I thought you were going to stay in the box until time for you to sing again?"

"I shall not sing again to night," she replied with a tightening of the lips over her pearly teeth.

"What, you are not ill?" He scrutinized her face apprehensively.

"No, but I have made a discovery." She told him in cruel words and with

crueler comments what it was. But it was an unbelievable story.

"O, there is some mistake," he said. "It is preposterous, incredible—why, look at the girl! You can very readily see—"

"There is no mistake," she interrupted impatiently, "ask your sister-in-law, ask Mrs. Thompson, or the Vincents,—they

all know, everybody knows except a few dupes like you and me!"

Jack looked at her helplessly, hopelessly. "And you will not sing with her?" he asked.

She gave him a glance in which there was a confusion of emotions,—anger, appeal, wounded self-love,—and turned her back upon him.

[*To be continued.*]

## A HOMELY SACRIFICE.

BY GEORGINA HODGKINS.

MISS Marcy went up the steps of the little cottage on the outskirts of the town, where for many years she had lived alone with her father, and where, since his death, she had lived for several years alone by herself—unless one should count the cat—and I think one might count Miss Marcy's cat; certainly Miss Marcy herself would have done so.

She paused for a moment as she turned the key in the door, and looked up the curveless road that ran past the house. A large, awkward vehicle, covered with dirty canvas, was lumbering along, drawn by a pair of very thin and unhappy looking horses. Miss Marcy knew what it was; she had seen many a one like it in the years she had spent in this western town,—a "prairie schooner." She did not find this a pleasing object to look at. It had always seemed to her a disagreeable method of traveling. Her New England sense of propriety and fitness,—which during all these years had not been dulled,—always experienced a little shock at sight of one. She shook the dust from her neat, gray dress, and opened the door.

Pussy, roused from her nap in the cushioned chair, unrolled herself and rose, yawning and purring, to give her mistress welcome.

Miss Marcy, taking off her gloves, stooped and patted Pussy's head with a friendly word. Then she removed her bonnet and shawl, folded the latter care-

fully, and laid them all neatly away in their appropriate places.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and there was a raw, chilly wind sweeping in an irregular current through the streets. Miss Marcy, taking an apron from the line, buttoned it around her tiny waist and, opening the draft in her stove, drew up a chair before it and sat down with her feet on the fender. Pussy, after the manner of favorites, clambered, purring contentedly, into her mistress' lap.

Everything connected with Miss Marcy was small. The room in which she sat was a tiny one. She was herself exceptionally tiny. A woman four feet in height is considered diminutive, but Miss Marcy could scarcely reach that height, and not only were her hands and feet and ears disproportionately small—which is thought by some to be desirable—but so also were her mouth and nose and head; all but Miss Marcy's eyes,—and since these were of an uncommonly pale blue, certainly no one would have wished them larger.

There had been people sufficiently uncharitable to think, and sufficiently unkind to say, that Miss Marcy's ideas and interests were not out of proportion to her size. But, however true that may have been, her sympathies were wide; and there was room in her heart for every waif and stray that the social sea cast up within sight of Miss Marcy's humble dwelling.

Why, Pussy herself had been but a waif! And more than one dog might have told, if he could, of a prolonged life for which he had only Miss Marcy to thank. And more than one sturdy but destitute tramp might have told, if he would, of many a full meal,—Ay! and doubtless many a glass of whisky, bought with Miss Marcy's carefully counted and hardly spared shillings. For Miss Marcy's fortune, also, was proportionate to its owner. Only, as we have seen, was her charity disproportionate, and need always called that forth. Need, worthy or unworthy, for of that, what means had Miss Marcy of knowing!

Deceived? Doubtless. Imposed upon? Often. Doing more harm than good? Who dare affirm that?

As Miss Marcy sat with her feet on the fender, enjoying the warmth of the fire after her chilly walk, and feeling very contented and comfortable, and withal a trifle drowsy as the shadows began to deepen, there came a loud, sharp knock at the door.

Miss Marcy sprang hastily to her feet,—putting Pussy down with care as she did so,—and gave the room a rapid inspection. Then she smoothed her hair with both hands and shook out her apron, but still stood with the air of one about to conceal herself. Indeed, that was always Miss Marcy's first impulse on hearing a knock, however gentle. But this one that had started her from a half-doze, had been so imperative that it put her in more than her usual gentle flutter. While she hesitated the knock sounded again, with an insistence and determination that communicated itself to Miss Marcy. She stepped forward and opened the door.

A girl stood on the threshold,—a child so small that even Miss Marcy towered above her in a manner quite imposing. The lady of the house experienced a shock of surprise as she beheld this diminutive visitor, whom she was entirely unable to reconcile with the size of the knock. She involuntarily glanced beyond her in search of a companion of stronger muscle; but there was none.

The girl fixed a long, piercing, fearless gaze upon her, from a pair of eyes so old that Miss Marcy felt herself young in comparison — and she was no longer young. Her own light blue eyes wavered and fell in a kind of nervous embarrassment before the steady glance.

"Wont you step in?" she asked with gentle courtesy. The girl, apparently satisfied with her scrutiny, stepped in.

"I want some milk," she said abruptly, producing a tin pail. "Maw's sick." The voice was hoarse, but commanding.

Miss Marcy took the pail without a question. "I haven't a great deal," she said apologetically, as if she felt she ought to have provided for such a demand. "There are so few of us—only Pussy and me—that I don't buy very much, and I had to save Pussy's supper out of what I had left.

The girl looked at the amount critically. "Oh, I guess that's enough. I thought p'raps Maw might drink a little milk," she said, turning without thanks to the door. Her hair hung in unkempt luxuriance around her face, as the old shawl which she had thrown over her head slipped back a little. The hand that had reached out for the milk was red and chapped with the cold. Her clothing was ragged and dirty and her face not wholly clean. Miss Marcy noted these things with a mixed feeling of pity and disgust for the life they represented. She felt for a moment rich in comparison.

"Is there anything—else—you want?" she inquired with hesitation.

"Nope, I reckon not—O, yes! Got any matches? We're most out of matches," she replied.

"Where is your mother?" inquired Miss Marcy, still politely, as the girl thrust the matches into her pocket.

The girl's face changed slightly. "Out in the schooner. We've camped down by the crick." And without further word she was gone.

Miss Marcy, now fully roused from her doze, began to prepare her evening meal. She had planned to use the milk which she had just given away in making

a dressing for her own toast. "But I guess buttered toast will do just as well," she thought. "I can have milk at another time. It was very fortunate that I bought more than usual to-day." And she smiled in congratulation of her own far-sightedness. As she sat down to her solitary meal the wind blew against her window, and the thought of the ill-conditioned campers down by the "crick" recurred to disturb her comfort.

"Poor woman!" she thought. "It must be very uncomfortable to be sick in one of those wagons, with nothing but a canvas between one and this wind! And what can that child know about taking care of a sick person? Though, to be sure,"—as the remembrance of the unchildish eyes rose up before her—"she may be older than she looks."

Miss Marcy's father had been a doctor, and she was herself a not unskillful nurse. The sick of her neighborhood almost always sent for her; and it was wholly against her nature to leave any one in discomfort. As she sipped her tea her mind still dwelt upon the unknown woman who was ill.

The possibility of entering any one's home uninvited, and perhaps undesired, was wholly foreign to Miss Marcy's habit; but the thought that she might be failing to do her duty was entirely unbearable. "It isn't quite as if it were a house," she reasoned, "and I shouldn't think anybody could object to my bringing a little tea, since I know the woman is ill."

Accordingly, with some fluttering of the heart at so bold an undertaking, Miss Marcy, furnished with a pot of tea and a bit of toast, set out through the dusk to visit her temporary neighbors.

She had not far to go, and it was easy to find them. A little fire had been built in a spot somewhat sheltered from the wind, and a man, preceded by his own gigantic shadow, was moving about by its light, feeding and loudly cursing his horses.

A fear of the form that this man's resentment of her neighborly intention might take, should he discover it, made

Miss Marcy pause, uncertain what course to pursue. Some children were squatting near the fire with their backs toward her. She waited timidly just within the radius of the flickering light and gave a small, deprecating cough. But the man was either unable or unwilling to hear it, and proceeded with his mixed attentions to his horses. Emboldened somewhat by his failure to notice her, Miss Marcy stepped forward, and, with a delicate hesitancy, mounted the steps to the vehicle and raised the curtain door. The light from a smoky lantern dimly illuminated the interior.

A woman, lying near the entrance on a heap of indescribable bedding, turned a pair of hollow, black, incurious eyes upon her. Her face expressed neither welcome nor resentment. Miss Marcy, encouraged by this very passivity, advanced.

"I live near here," she volunteered, feeling that some explanation of her intrusion should be given, "and your daughter told me you were ill, so I just thought I would bring you a little tea and toast. I didn't know but perhaps you might like it."

The woman's expression did not change. "I reckon I don't need much to eat; I aint hungry," she said in a voice surprisingly strong,—but she closed her eyes wearily.

Miss Marcy poured out some of the tea and, kneeling, aroused her. "Try to drink a little of this," she said, slipping her arm under the woman's head.

The woman made a feeble effort and then sank back. "I don't seem to want any," she said with decision.

"Wont you try a little toast?" suggested Miss Marcy gently.

She shook her head. "I guess I'm through needing anything to eat," she said after a moment's silence, again opening the big, fierce eyes. "I hoped I could get back to Illinois, but I guess I can't; and I dont s'pose it makes any difference."

There was a rustling in the corner farthest from the door.

"Lize," called the woman. Out of the dimness the girl whom Miss Marcy had

seen moved forward silently with intense, questioning eyes. "You might take this toast out to the young'ns," said her mother. "I reckon they'll like it,—and you'd better drink some tea yourself. You haint been eatin' nothing." The girl took the toast listlessly and departed, the woman's glance following her."

"Poor Lize!" she said, still in the same strong voice. "I hoped we'd get back."

"You have been unfortunate?" Miss Marcy asked, blushing at her own daring.

The woman muttered something defiantly. "Lost all we had! Never had a drop of rain on the crops last year, and this year a wind-storm broke 'em flat. We didn't have enough left for seed for next year, so we had to come back."

Miss Marcy remained silent, but her sympathy seemed to communicate itself to the woman, for she began again after a pause.

"I got sick too,—workin' out in the fields,—I thought maybe I'd get well if we could get back to Illinois—but I guess I shan't get there."

"You have been growing worse?"

"Yes; we started too late; the nights have been cold,—it seemed sometimes as if I should freeze!" She shivered a little, as the wind waved the canvas, and cowered down under her covers. The girl reëntered silently.

"You haven't covers enough," said Miss Marcy decisively, lifting them with her hand.

"It's all there is." The woman's voice sounded hopeless and discouraged. "The children have to have some; and I guess Lize has less than she ought to have anyway." There came a choking sound from the corner where "Lize" was crouching; but her eyes, when Miss Marcy looked around at her, were dry and bright.

There was a silence for some moments. Miss Marcy was thinking. Outside could be heard, in the stillness of the night air, the snapping and crackling of the sticks on the little fire, and the grinding sound of the horses' teeth as they munched their coarse food; at intervals, too, the man's voice, still cursing—the children now—

as they sprawled with coarse words of their own between him and the fire. Miss Marcy shuddered at the words, but the woman heard them with the indifference of custom. A gust of wind waved the curtain of the door and blew in a puff of smoke. The woman shivered again and coughed.

Miss Marcy rose. She bent over the woman, and, as she was not accustomed to speaking religiously, her voice trembled a little. "I wish I could do something for you," she said. "The Lord help and comfort you!"

The sick woman lifted her eyes, a sudden gleam springing to them. "O, the Lord's got it in for us, I reckon," she said harshly. "He aint never done anything for us yet, and he aint likely to begin now."

Miss Marcy, walking home in the cold and darkness, with the words still in her ears, looked up at the gray, drifting clouds. "They don't mean it," she said aloud, half pleadingly. "It's because they don't just understand."

When she reached home she sat down by her fire and took her Bible on her lap. Pussy curled down at her feet. Pussy was not allowed on her mistress' lap when she read her Bible. Miss Marcy opened the book at the mark, but she was in no haste to read. She had something on her mind.

"If I give them a comforter off my own bed," she said finally aloud, "I shall have to bring down that one that mother made, to use myself. I haven't another one left, and its the only piece of her work that I have kept. I've always been real saving of it. I hate so to put it on common; I wonder if I hadn't better take one off the spare bed."

But it did not take her long to discard this idea, for as she ran them over in her mind, there was not one of sufficient weight when taken by itself to be of much service to a sick woman who must sleep in the open air.

"They're most all quilted and haven't much batting; and besides," she thought, "they're all too light colored." But

those she used every day were old and getting worn and thin — this too occurred to her as she sat thinking. And then came another thought, — what if she were to give the one her mother had made? She dismissed the thought hurriedly. "It wouldn't be right to use it for strangers! But — it is the warmest. Why, it has seemed too sacred to use for myself! It was almost the last work mother did. *But it is the warmest!*" She could see her mother yet as she tied the pretty squares with bright yarn, stopping now and again to smile at her — then a child of but eight years. And she had never lost from her memory that picture of the pale, sweet-faced mother at her loving work. "This is for you," she had said at last, folding the finished "comforter" with thin fingers — which had never taken up the needle again.

There were tears in Miss Marcy's pale blue eyes as she remembered. Then her glance fell on the book. It was open at the seventeenth chapter of Deuteronomy.

Miss Marcy read her Bible in course. There were portions that she enjoyed much more than others; but she did not mean to allow herself to neglect the less enjoyable parts. She had not always found Deuteronomy the inspiration and guide for daily living that she could have wished. But she did not doubt that it was because of some spiritual blindness on her part. She started as she read the first verse of her chapter:

*"Thou shalt not sacrifice unto the Lord thy God any bullock, or sheep, wherein is*

*blemish, or any evil favouredness: for that is abomination unto the Lord thy God."*

Miss Marcy did not read farther. She stopped and sat looking straight before her for some moments, and then she rose decidedly and, light in hand, mounted the stairs to her little attic.

"I don't know as I could call it exactly a sacrifice to the Lord," she said apologetically. "It seems almost sacrilegious to count those profane people in the same way that you would Him."

She set down her lamp and opened a chest. The scent of the lavender and rose-leaves of many a dead summer filled the air with a faint fragrance. Miss Marcy drew out her mother's comforter with a tender hand; she shook it open and looked at it once more; she stroked it softly with her hand. The memory of the love and care that had set those dainty stitches for her rushed again in moisture to her eyes.

Miss Marcy had not become entirely emancipated from the thought of Heaven as a place. In spite of the efforts of the young minister, under whose instruction she sat every Sabbath to edification, it was a place yet, and it was *up*.

She looked up now, the tears still in her faded eyes. "The woman needs it more than I do," she said brokenly. "I know you will understand. She has nothing, and she needs it!"

And Miss Marcy took the lamp and walked down stairs, her mother's comforter over her arm.

## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

By RUTH A. TOURTELLOT.

WE had all been invited to spend Christmas with Aunt Prudence. And a merry gathering it was, with grandfather and grandmother, aunts, uncles and a score of cousins. But the most interesting personage in this family meeting was our great-grandmother, upon

whom we looked with tender love and reverence.

Her years were approaching a rounded century. As she sat in her arm-chair with a benign smile upon her sweet face, her white hair with here and there a wave of natural grace partially hidden under the



dainty cap which loving fingers had fashioned for her Christmas gift, we children knew that Grandma Wells had been a beautiful woman once; and the chief charm of her beauty yet lingered—a gentle and unselfish spirit.

The feast and festivities of the day were nearly over. The sun had sent its last golden beams across the drifted snow. The misty gray of the early winter twilight fell softly over us, as we gathered about the ruddy blaze where the representatives of four generations were assembled. We begged of Grandma Wells a story of her childhood.

"Well, dears," she said, "I was thinking not long ago when you were playing that historical game, the names seemed so natural and brought up many memories of the past! During the Revolutionary War my father lived on a farm on the east side of the North river nearly opposite West Point. Our house was frequently visited by officers of the American army. Among the visitors were Washington, Putnam and Green. Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, once stopped at my father's house and he amused me by drawing a 'likeness' of me with a lion as a protector. The home of Colonel Robinson, the British commander, was but a mile from my father's. Arnold had his headquarters at Colonel Robinson's house.

"On the day before the capture of Major Andre, the British spy, my older sisters were invited to tea with Mrs. Arnold, who, her husband said, was young and felt lonesome. But the intended visit was spoiled. Andre, finding his plans frustrated, fled with precipitation, taking refuge on board the 'Vulture,' then moored in the river near my father's house. This event of course created much commotion in the Arnold house. I saw Major Andre after his capture, on his way to West Point. He was regarded as an amiable person and his case excited much commiseration.

"A part of the British army was landed near my father's house, and another part a short distance above. Then, taking

different roads, they came together and destroyed the village four miles distant. Colonel Robinson had command of these troops, but, being a neighbor of my father and friendly to the family, he stationed a guard about our house to protect it from being pillaged by the British soldiery.

"One day, some Hessian soldiers coming to the house with a view to plunder, the guard demanded what their business was. When they saw they could not effect their purpose, they pretended they only wished to light their pipes. A coal of fire was handed them in the tongs, and after lighting their pipes they went off, throwing down the tongs angrily, disappointed that they could not gratify their desire for plunder.

"The officers of the Vulture came several times to our house to procure provisions, and were, on these occasions, civil and courteous.

"Once we were greatly alarmed when a hundred-gun ship of war arrived in New York harbor and fired a broadside into the city. Our sympathies were greatly enlisted for the American captives who were confined in the sugar-house and suffered many hardships there.

"General Putnam, with his army, took winter quarters in the Highlands near our home,—I have forgotten the year," grandma added, absently.

"The cavalry of the army were turned in on a field of wheat belonging to my father, and the fences on his farm were used for fuel. When remonstrances were made to the soldiers, they ironically replied 'General orders are not to burn any stone fence while rails can be found.'

"At one time some officers of the American army drove away thirteen of my father's choicest cows. My mother went up to one of the officers, and, seizing his horse's bridle, entreated him to leave one or two for the use of the family. He replied, 'I cannot, for if any are left, they'll fall into the hands of the British.'

"An alleged British recruiting officer once came to our house. He pretended he had orders to enlist men for the British



army; but really he was a deserter and endeavoring to effect his own escape from the British service. However, the family did not know of this imposition until a subsequent visit revealed his true character. During his first visit he was treated with much hospitality. When he returned he was accompanied by a number of men whom he had 'enlisted for the British service.' Their object now was to plunder the house. The leader on his first visit had observed several articles of silver, and he expected to lay hands on them. But in this he failed, for they had been secreted. However, the plunderers made destructive work of other property. Going into the loft of the wagon-house, they tumbled out a quantity of cheese, which had been stored there, rolling and breaking them on the ground. With an ax they broke in pieces a very valuable chest of drawers, also stored there. In their search for silver they rumaged the house, emptying many vessels of their contents, here a firkin of apple-butter, there a keg of boiled cider, upon which they emptied a bag of flaxseed. In their lust for plunder they seemed possessed by a demoniacal spirit.

"Another officer was with the leader, and when he was about to carry off a large China bowl—a valuable and ancient relic which stood on the sideboard,—the other said, 'Pooh! Let the old woman have her bowl!'

"Afterwards the British commander, Colonel Robinson, punished these two officers by taking from them their commissions.

"While plundering the house they had said they were destroying the property of

*rebels* and had a right to burn the house. My mother resolutely replied, 'You have the *power*, but no right whatever.'

"At one time a twenty-gun man-of-war, belonging to the British, lay in the river near our house. The officers came several times and were very courteous and civil. My father's property was plundered by soldiers from both the American and the British army. A flock of a hundred sheep was at one time reduced to only twenty.

"Captain Shethar, of the American cavalry, was a frequent caller at our house, and afterwards he married my sister. His cavalry sword was a gift from General Washington.

"During the summer previous to the close of the war, the barn on Colonel Robinson's farm was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded of the American army. Doctor Heustice was chief surgeon there. During his absence Doctor Wells, then surgeon's mate, had the care of the hospital. He afterwards became my husband—and your great-grandfather, my dears," said Grandma Wells tenderly, as she wiped the mist from her glasses.

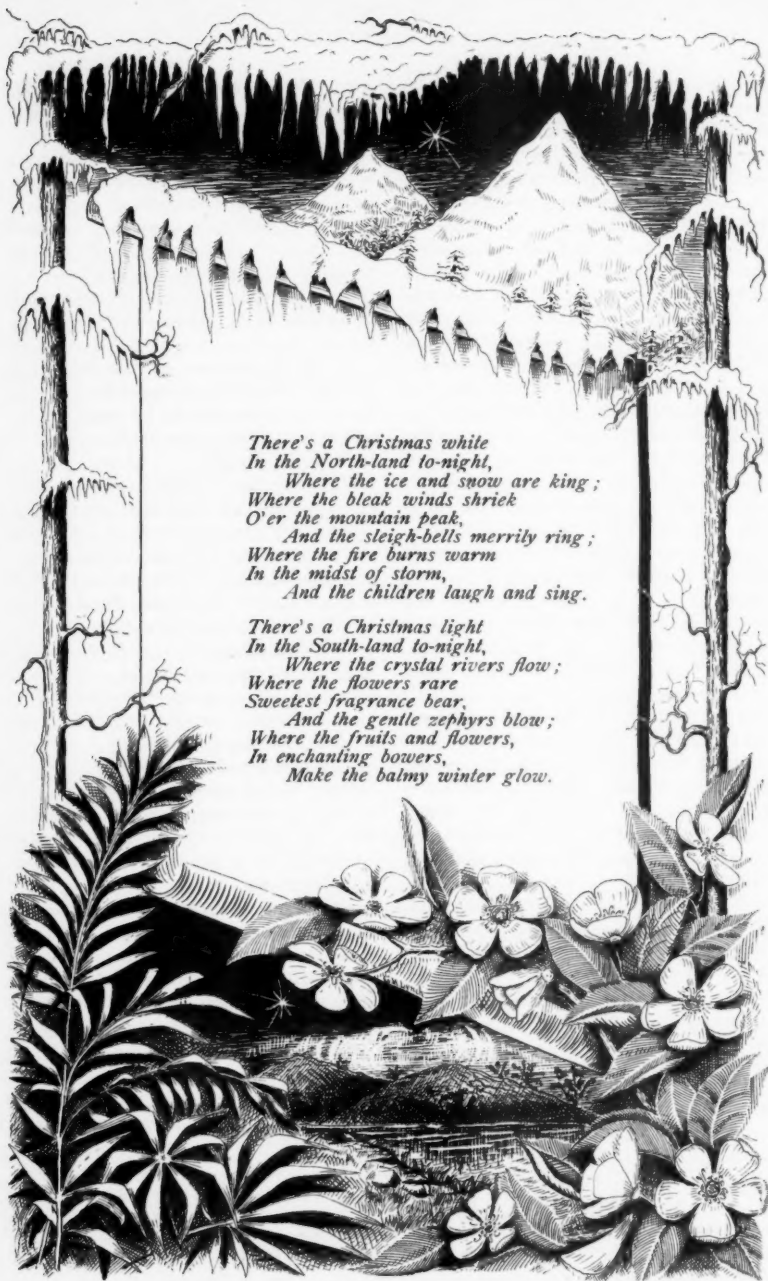
The lights were now brought in; the twilight had deepened into night, and the circle of friends and happy children was breaking up. As we kissed the dear grandmother, a deeper love and reverence filled our hearts.

Before the snows of another winter had fallen, like a sheaf of grain fully ripe, she was carried home. Her memory is still cherished by those who, as children, listened to that last Christmas story long years ago.

## EVOLUTION OF FAITH.

DEEP myths of the pagan poets,  
 Paled out in the Christian dawn;  
 Harsh creeds, that cramped our fathers,  
 Now dead—or will soon be gone;  
 Yet more shall the soul yield homage  
 To the Author of Life, above;  
 And duty's chain turn golden,  
 In the Christ-heart flame of love!

*Irving W. Smith.*



*There's a Christmas while  
In the North-land to-night,  
Where the ice and snow are king ;  
Where the bleak winds shriek  
O'er the mountain peak,  
And the sleigh-bells merrily ring ;  
Where the fire burns warm  
In the midst of storm,  
And the children laugh and sing.*

*There's a Christmas light  
In the South-land to-night,  
Where the crystal rivers flow ;  
Where the flowers rare  
Sweetest fragrance bear,  
And the gentle zephyrs blow ;  
Where the fruits and flowers,  
In enchanting bowers,  
Make the balmy winter glow.*

## CHRISTMAS TO-NIGHT.

THERE'S a Christmas white  
In the North-land to-night,  
Where the ice and snow are king;  
Where the bleak winds shriek  
O'er the mountain peak,  
And the sleigh-bells merrily ring;  
Where the fire burns warm  
In the midst of storm,  
And the children laugh and sing.

There's a Christmas light  
In the South-land to-night,  
Where the crystal rivers flow;  
Where the flowers rare  
Sweetest fragrance bear,  
And the gentle zephyrs blow;  
Where the fruits and flowers,  
In enchanting bowers,  
Make the balmy winter glow.

There's a Christmas bright  
In the Home-land to-night,  
Where the children romp in glee.  
Every heart is glad,  
As each bright, wee lad,  
Tiny maiden, too, so free,  
With a laugh and shout,  
All in merry rout,  
Come bounding along to me.

There is Christmas delight  
At our Hearthstone to-night,  
As we cheerily pass the hours;  
For our home is filled  
With our friends well-willed,  
While beneath the myrtle bowers  
The mystletoe swings,  
With its jeweled wings,  
Ever tempting Cupid's powers.

But the Christmas delight  
In my Soul-home to-night,  
Where I cherish my choicest guest,  
Is no other, I ween,  
Than my Christ unseen,  
Precious Bethlehem Christ, the best.  
And my soul ever sings,  
As the glad carol rings,  
"Peace on earth, good will," sweet rest.

"Merry Christmas" bright  
In our Home-lands to-night!  
Let the hearts of men rejoice!  
Carol sweetly to-day;  
Let the notes roll away  
In a rapt, harmonious voice,—  
"O the jubilant morn  
When the Savior was born,  
Blessed Christ, our one, best choice!"

## A PRACTICAL REMEDY FOR LABOR TROUBLES.

BY WILLIAM P. DANIELS,

Grand Secretary of the Order of Railway Conductors.

MANY theories for a solution of the apparently "irrepressible conflict" between labor and capital are being advanced and many "possible" remedies for our labor troubles are being presented; and this fact, evidencing that people generally are recognizing the importance of the question and are giving it serious attention, is a matter of great satisfaction to laboring men themselves, and particularly so to those who, by their positions in and connection with labor organizations, have been brought into more or less direct connection with the labor troubles and more or less prominently before the public as "labor leaders." One great trouble, however, with the most of the proposed solutions and remedies, is that they come either from those who are radical and anarchistic in their tendencies, or from those who have no practical knowledge of the problem which they attempt to solve; and, consequently, the remedies proposed are theoretical rather than practical and would be possible only under greatly changed circumstances and conditions. The latter class take note only of the socialist and anarchist in the labor ranks, or his slightly less radical but much more dangerous colleague, who, while professing a profound respect for law and order, privately encourages riot and disorder and denounces those who, by their acts rather than by loud professions, aid in the enforcement of law.

Those who write of the labor problem and its correct solution should, first of all, thoroughly inform themselves as to the feelings and opinions of the laborers themselves and particularly as to their organizations and officers. It is a commonly accepted opinion among many of those who speak and write on the subject, that the principal occupation of the

officers of labor organizations is to foment discord and strife between employer and employé and to incite strikes, to the end that their positions may be made secure. It is a matter of surprise that this opinion should be so generally accepted, for it can only obtain through prejudice or a very superficial knowledge of the facts on the employé's side of the question.

The recent American Railway Union strike, or boycott, presents additional evidence sustaining the fact,—one which can be denied only through ignorance or bias,—that the greater portion of the time, energy and ability of the majority of labor leaders is taken up in averting discord, allaying strife and preventing strikes,—and the good they accomplish in this direction may be calculated in an inverse ratio to the public notoriety they give themselves or are given by the press.

The most difficult duty that the officer of a labor organization has to perform, and the one that needs more firmness than is necessary to conduct a strike, is to repress the tendency of members,—always a small minority, but also always found in every organization,—to make unjust demands upon their employers and to enforce them by means of a strike. The public always hears of the strike, but it never hears of the hundreds of instances where strikes are prevented by the good judgment and firmness of the "labor leader."

I speak more particularly with reference to organizations of railway employés and railway strikes, because of familiarity with them and because of the more direct effect and inconvenience to the public of a strike among railway employés than of any others, but I am convinced that what is true of them is also true in a great degree of all other organizations and their officers. Unfortunately

for the cause of labor, it is Debs, Howard, Sovereign and that class of labor leaders, who are more dangerous to the cause of labor and our republican institutions than is the avowed anarchist that is brought prominently before the public and cited as examples of all.

And here I cannot forbear a word in behalf of Debs, the central figure in the recent drama, so far as the public eye has seen, but in reality the dupe of others who deserve whatever of censure and punishment may be meted to the president of the American Railway Union. Mr. Debs is a man of remarkable social qualities and personal magnetism and today has more personal friends among laboring men than any other man in America. Those who know him best, while they deplore his recent actions and appreciate the injury he has caused to thousands of laboring men and to the cause of organized labor, esteem him as a personal friend. He is intelligent, well educated, with a remarkably retentive memory, and withal brilliant,—yet so erratic that many believe him insane. Thoroughly honest and honorable in every thought and intent, his sole aim in life is to benefit his fellow-workingman, and yet he is easily influenced by those in whom he has confidence,—and to gain that confidence it is only necessary to insidiously flatter him on the one aim of his life. This one weakness has been taken advantage of by men whose dishonest and selfish motives are known generally among organized railway employes and who have been as generally repudiated by them, for their own selfish ends, and thus Mr. Debs has been cajoled into marring a record that until recently was unblemished. These men made strenuous efforts and promised large rewards, both financial and otherwise, to induce at least one other man to join their standard but failed, and without Debs and his personal popularity the American Railway Union would never have been known to the public; without Debs the great boycott would either never have occurred or would have been an in-

cident scarcely worthy a half-dozen lines in the daily papers. The personal following of and friendship for this one man among railway employes made the boycott formidable, and the influence, language and advice of those whose dupe he was made it a menace to law and order and incited the few reckless and turbulent spirits among railway employes to join the mob that is always ready for the occasion.

The great majority of laboring men are not anarchists and, except when overawed and subordinated by the few, anarchistic sentiments and doctrine find only condemnation from them, and this is particularly true of railway employes and their organizations. Yet such was the excitement under the peculiar conditions, that, but for the powerful restraining influence of the much abused "labor leaders" among the railway employes, and in some instances their mandatory orders, participation in the boycott would have been general in the middle and western states and the gravity of the situation would have been increased a hundred-fold.

No railway officer will contradict this statement.

The large majority of the members of the American Railway Union are not law-breakers but are honest, honorable and trustworthy men who were carried away by the excitement of the moment and influenced by the few; and they, now that the excitement has passed and the passions engendered by "the war" have subsided, admit their mistake and, with none the less condemnation of the Pullman Company and its methods, regret their action and approve that of those whose firmness restored order and restrained many from acts that would have been bitterly repented.

The possible remedy for our labor troubles suggested by Judge Nourse, in the October MIDLAND, belongs to one of the classes to which I have referred. Theoretically it is a very attractive plan, but, under existing conditions, wholly impracticable and one which railway employes would not consider for a moment.

The profit-sharing idea is not a new one, but, in the very few instances where it has been undertaken in apparent good faith on the part of the employer, it has not proven so successful as to encourage the employé. With the history of corporate stock jobbery of the past thirty years before us, the methods of corporate book-keeping adopted in scores of instances where the most competent expert accountants have been unable to determine what has become of large earnings, and with the efforts of the authorities of several of the states to determine whether or not railways are making a profit,—what employé would be willing to take the chances of sharing any "profit" that might remain after paying even five per cent on the enormously inflated values of most of our railways? There are altogether too many methods of creating "expenses" for the laborer to look forward with any faith to the time when a share of the profit will justly reward him.

The *practical* remedy for our labor troubles is, in few words, practical and legal recognition of the laboring man's organization by the national government. Give to the organization by a national law the same recognition and the same rights that are given to corporations by the different state laws, *and then hold the organization and its members to a performance of their duties and a fulfilment of their agreements.* Require all organizations to either incorporate under this national law, or disband; then when any organization through its proper officers or representatives makes a contract or agreement with any employer for its members, make a violation of the provisions of such contract, by any employer or his officer or agent or by any member of the organization, a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. Such a law carefully drawn to protect the rights of each, will be the commencement of a practical solution of the labor question.

It will perhaps be said that such a law would be unjust and unconstitutional in that it would under some circumstances require a man to work when he did not wish to do so and deprive organized labor of its only present legitimate weapon, the strike. The organizations themselves, however, could take care of all this in their agreements and it certainly cannot be unconstitutional to require any man to fulfill a contract he has made, even if made by an officer of an organization acting for him.

This would not cover the multitude of laboring men who belong to no organization; but such recognition would be a stronger incentive to unorganized labor to organize than anything else, while it would enable the organizations to exclude any but their members from benefits obtained by them and thus prevent those who contribute nothing to the cause of organized labor from sharing in its benefits. When this much is accomplished, if there then remains necessity for it, arbitration can easily be provided for and made effective.

That this remedy is a practical one is to some extent demonstrated by present facts and past records. On railways where contracts with the different organizations regulating the pay and conditions of service are in force, there is seldom any difficulty between employer and employé, and the officers of such railways unanimously testify to the improved service and freedom from trouble that now obtains as compared with the time before the contracts were made.

I am glad to note that such able men as the author of the article in the October MIDLAND are giving the labor problem consideration, and I believe that, from the knowledge of corporations obtained by him through the practice of his profession, Judge Nourse will readily recognize the impracticability of profit-sharing for the railway employé.





## SCOTT WOLFE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA CHARACTER AND LIFE.

By M. L. Fox.

"YOU lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy!" Ollie Spencer thanked Thackeray for a sentence so exactly fitting the stout, fair, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy who lay stretched on the grass under the branches of a giant oak which rose solitary from the top of the highest hill on Squire Wolfe's farm.

Ollie Spencer had for two weeks been teaching at Oak Hill. It was her first experience in teaching and it was the first time a woman had been employed in that school. The people of Western North Carolina were slow to believe that a woman could govern a school, and the patrons of Oak Hill were narrowly watching a doubtful experiment. "She's a mighty smart gal an' b'longs to the quality an' maybe can larn them chil'ern manners" was the best said in her favor. Others shook their heads and said, "No gal can make them scholars larn to behave like a man can, ef she ar' high larnt an's got medals an' sich like; an' 'en she's from t'other side o' the Blue Ridge whur they've got railroads and steam-cars and sich like, an' she don' know nuthin' 'tall 'bout we'uns in this here settlement."

It was the spring of '77 when Ollie Spencer graduated from an eastern school, and, after returning home, went with her invalid mother into the mountains. In the fall she applied for the district school at Oak Hill. After much haggling the school committee announced its ultimatum through its spokesman, Matt Buckner, who said, "It's yest as you say, Miss Ollie, we'll yest pay you fifteen dollars a month an' you can board amongst the scholars, ef you want to. It's yest as you say, I can git a man to help split rails fur ten dollars a month an' anybody oughter know it's harder work to split rails than to teach school."

Ollie accepted the munificent wage, but declined the generous offer to board among the scholars. Two weeks of the school were gone, and she was walking across the hill toward the home of Squire John Wolfe, when she came on Scott Wolfe, the Squire's fourteen year old son, lying upon the ground with an open book before him. He turned indolently toward her, raised himself on his elbow and said, "Howdy, Miss Ollie; won't ye come an' set down an' rest yerself?"

With a halfquizzical, half comical look, she seated herself on the grass and asked Scott what he was reading.

"I'm a readin' an ol' book I found up in an ol' trunk at home. It's 'The Talisman,' by Walter Scott Bart."

"Not by Walter Scott Bart, but by Sir Walter Scott; 'Bart.' is an abbreviation for Baronet," she said.



M. L. FOX,  
Of Des Moines, Iowa, formerly of Washington, D. C.



"Well," said Scott, "It's a good book an' tells about Richard Cour de — *some-thin'*, who had a big sword that he held in both hands, an' Saladin who had a little sword made o' Damascus steel so sharp he could cut a man's head off so quick an' keen an' smooth like that it would jest set right whur it wus, an' the man wouldn't know he's killed fur some time. Wush people 'ud have wars and fights now, don't you?"

Miss Ollie dissented and emphasized her dissent by an eloquent portrayal of war's cruelty and waste.

"Men's men when they fight," said the boy, with a lazy drawl, raising himself to a sitting posture. "I want to be a soldier and a general."

"Yes, but there are no wars now," persisted the young lady. "You came into the world too late; you will have to be content with being a farmer, or a merchant, or a lawyer." She told him how the greatest battles are fought in our every-day lives, and how Alexander, and Napoleon, and Charles XII. had been failures as men, because they could not conquer themselves. "See if you have not some faults it might be of advantage to conquer before you undertake to be a general and conquer other people."

"Reckon I've got enough faults," he replied, thoughtfully. "Pap says I'll never be any account 'cause I'm too lazy, — an' mos' other people are of the same notion. Sometimes I sorter reckon they're right. 'Tain't 'cause I'm so awful lazy; I'm jist onsatisfied an' ain't careful. When I git out to work, I'm thinkin' about Alexander, an' Hannibal, an' Charles Martel, an' Tamerlane, an' George Washington, an' Bonaparte, an' the Duke o' Wellington, an' I forgit to work; then Pap gits mad an' says I'm no 'count. Folks don't understan' me; I want to be liked; I'll do anything fur anybody that likes me, but I wont be druv by nobody." This last was spoken in a dogged, sullen way, induced by the memory of real or imaginary wrongs.

The fair girl looked at him keenly for a few moments and held out her hand,

"Let us be friends; I think I understand you."

Scott blushed to the roots of his towy hair, timidly took her hand, held it awkwardly for a moment, and let it drop. He was dumb. Something rose in his throat and would not let him speak. They sat gazing into the glowing west till after the sun had hid its great red disc behind the somber Smokey Mountains. On the steel-blue sky there rose great, pale, motionless clouds, from behind which peeped the flames of the expiring day.

Miss Ollie rose and went homeward, and Scott, silent now, followed her like a faithful dog.

## II.

"I'm goin' to start Scott to college," said Squire Wolfe to a neighbor one morning. "He'll never do any good here; he reads most of the time an' when he's not readin' he's mopin' round like he's in a dream. He's sixteen year old an' somethin' must be done. I went to college for four years an' I learned many things that a man don't learn here."

Scott Wolfe was hustled off to college. He had been a sore disappointment to his father on the farm. Besides, in addition to his day-dreams, he had at times displayed great irritability under parental reproof. Strangely, he never showed any signs of repentance after his rage had worn off! He knew, according to his religious teachings he should never complain nor feel resentful; but to himself he often said, "I had nothin' to do with bein' here; I'm not responsible for it." And in his own dark thoughts he railed at Fate.

At college he was verdant, except in the study of history. His fellow students benevolently tried to wear away the verdancy. Some of their efforts were gentle, others were of the rough, hazing order. He submitted to being "bounced," for his transition from a primitive backwoods home to a town and civilization had benumbed his sensibilities. For the same reason he went snipe-hunting, and innocently held a sack while he stood with

his legs stretched across a ditch and waited in darkness and rain for his fellow students to drive the snipe! His flue was stopped up and he staggered out of bed half suffocated with smoke; and when he opened his door a heavy stick of wood dropped in, bruising his arm and scraping the skin off his leg.

But at last the straw came that broke the camel's back. A young girl walking toward her home was overtaken by a shower. Scott ran to her with his umbrella and urged her to take it, telling her she could send it back after the rain. Some of the boys observed it and a Moot Court was called. Scott was found guilty of being in love with Lulu Gray and sentenced to be run round the campus between two boys, who were to be relieved by relays. A dark, dogged look came into Scott's face when the court approached and announced the trial and decision.

"You fellers had no business handlin' Miss Gray's name round like that. How'd you like it if it was your sister?" he said with a lowering brow.

"Oh, come off, Wolfe," said one; "when we want a mountain-boomer to preach for us, we'll call you."

"You're mighty stuck up about a girl all at once," said Harry Alexander, a boy older and larger than Scott. He added maliciously, "All the girls where you come from chaw terbacker and dip snuff."

There was a quick rush, a flash of steel, a cry of pain and Harry was on his back and Scott over him with the keen blade of his jack-knife at Harry's throat. "Take that back, or I'll cut your throat," he hissed.

Strong hands were laid on him and he was dragged away. Harry was raised to his feet. The blood from a flesh-wound had saturated his shirt-front. A silver match-box had deflected the blade from its aim and saved the boy's life.

"Let me up; I want to say somethin'," Scott said to the boys who were holding him. They let him rise. The evening sun shone on his pale, stern face. He looked old, determined, masterful. A new power

had arisen within him. "Sence I come here," he said in a thick, heavy voice, "I've been imposed on, an' I've took it; but when things are said disrespectful of the women of Western North Carliner, I won't take it. My mother died there, an' my sisters live there, an' nearly all the girls there are good Christian girls, an' they don't chaw terbacker nur dip snuff; an'," dropping his voice to a whisper hoarse with passion, "I'll kill any man that says they do!"

The boys treated Scott with due, if not undue, respect after this episode.

### III.

Six years later Scott Wolfe was at the Camp Meeting near Oak Hill. Parson Eller had preached one of his fearfully realistic sermons. Death and the lake that burns with fire and brimstone were shouted at the congregation with homely and forceful eloquence. Scores of men and women threw themselves upon the straw inside the altar and shrieked for mercy. Some "perfessed" and shouted "Glory!" Some became affected with the "holy laugh." Scott sat with Annabel Lee in a buggy near the arbor and their talk drifted to religion and love. Annabel and Scott were of nearly the same age, and Scott had loved her from childhood, and she had loved the strange, quiet boy whom few had understood.

During their talk Annabel became aware that her sweetheart had thoughts not in accord with her ideas of orthodoxy. "Of late," he said, "I have given up reading of wars and warriors and have been studying philosophy. There are so many things we don't know and faith is so unsatisfactory—'The substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen,'—Emerson in his wildest dreams of transcendentalism never more vaguely expressed a thought, yet on that definition all the religions are based!"

Annabel zealously defended her faith, and they parted, neither understanding the other.

## I V.

Scott had obtained employment in Virginia. As the train bore him away, he looked back longingly on the blue mountains that had nurtured him, and a nameless pain was gnawing at his heart. He loved Annabel with a love that had strengthened with every passing year. He worked through the day and read through the night. Strange books were his companions. As he sat, one night, gazing into the heavens at the stars, he asked himself Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Pilate had not waited for an answer; Scott answered for himself, "I don't know." "What do I believe?"—"I—don't—know."

Frightened at the thought of thus cutting loose from the teachings of his childhood, he read his Bible and, with leaden heart and dumb lips, tried to pray—to what? Years ago he had stood at the bedside of his mother. With cold lips she had whispered, "My boy, I'll soon be gone; meet—me—in heaven"—as she drifted out upon the shadowy river which flows to the unknown sea.

Was that radiant smile on the lips of death the result of delusion? No. And yet he longed for one reassuring glance from his mother on the other side.

He wrote Annabel a frank letter and told her the star of faith was no longer shining for him. One day he opened an envelope bearing the postmark of a little office among the Carolina mountains. He read it. His face was pale and his hand trembled as he folded it up and returned it to its envelope. The next day he departed for a distant city.

## V.

Years pass. Annabel Lee has grown from blooming girlhood to mature womanhood. Without haste, without worry, she has followed her path in life. Sometimes she wonders if she might not have done otherwise even in the face of the command, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." There is at times a longing, an inward pain, from which she turns with puritan resolution

as she bravely seeks present duty. She listens to the winds sighing through the branches of the mountain pines, and looks up at the unanswering stars and wonders if they know. She sits at her window and gazes out into the still night and tries to imagine a cold, silent man pondering over books—by the light of a student's lamp in a distant city. She catches a glimpse of the face—it is the same—it changes—is indistinct—elusive. Where is he? Are those bright lights and misty outlines of vague figures in a church?—a gambling house?—a bar-room?—or— She shivers in the chill mountain air, and as she turns away, the melancholy notes of a screech-owl rise weird and shrill from the big cedar near her window.

## V I.

The people of the settlement sometimes spoke of Scott Wolfe. Straggling letters came to Oak Hill post-office, each one postmarked at a different place. Some were from the large cities, others were from remote and unheard-of places; some from points outside the United States. His sisters would say, "He's wandering around somewhere; don't know what he's doing; sometimes he writes for newspapers and magazines, but he's mostly a wanderer on the face of the earth."

A story would once in a while go the rounds of the neighborhood that Scott Wolfe was a "gambler," a "drunkard," a "roué"—perhaps he was making a fortune, or perhaps getting in debt!

## V I I.

One spring morning the people of Oak Hill were startled by the news that a dead man had been found in the graveyard. There was a little round hole in his breast right over his heart, and a revolver, with one chamber empty, lying by his side, told the story. In his pocket was an old photograph of Annabel Lee, and with it a sheet of paper. Across the back of the sheet was written in a neat hand, "I am tired of wandering; I shall rest now." On the other side were these fragmentary verses:

"Home—where is my home?" the lone wanderer cried,  
As he stood on the strand in the still even-tide,—  
But he found not a home on the ocean's blue deep,  
Where the winds never rest and the waves never sleep.

"Home—where is my home?" the lone wanderer sighed,  
As he strayed through the forest, a streamlet beside,—  
But he found not a home in the leaf-curtained shade.  
Where the wavering sunbeams fantastic'ly played;  
And no voice of affection called sweet from the glade  
Or mingled love tones with his own as he strayed.

"Home—where is my home?" the lone wanderer cried,  
As he stood in the churchyard, an old tomb beside.

On a neat headstone, in the graveyard where they buried him, the last lines of his poem were inscribed :

"Then the wanderer stood by the gloom-curtained door,  
And the veil of its darkness he gathered him o'er;  
And the days and the nights came and went as before;  
But he wandered away—never more, never more!"

## IOWA'S BANKING HISTORY.

### BANKS AND BANKERS AT IOWA'S CAPITAL.

THE banking institutions of a state or a city make an interesting theme. Banks afford a true index to the prosperity of a community, their number and the amount of their assets and deposits measuring the frugality and thrift of its people. A bank is an intermediary between parties to an exchange, as well as a safety deposit for surplus funds not actively employed in production and distribution. Banks, long since recognized as an absolute necessity to the world of commerce, are the first reliable indication of a business awakening in any community or commonwealth.

Away back in the fifties, Iowa was a frontier state, and the banks in those days were strikingly different institutions from the banks of the present day. The most prolific and reliable and withal interesting historian of pioneer banking in Iowa is the Hon. Hoyt Sherman, of Des Moines, to whom the author of this paper is indebted for much valuable information.

Forty years ago, as Major Sherman informs us, three-fourths of the people of Iowa were living east of a line drawn from McGregor on the northeast border southwesterly to Centerville, then the capital of "The Hairy Nation." West and northwest stretched a boundless and almost unexplored prairie. A few enter-

prising pioneers had settled in this region, patiently longing and waiting for the dawn of a civilization that would bring to them neighbors, schools, churches, good roads, banks and all the concomitants of growth and development. There were no railroads in those days, no telegraph or telephone lines, no surplus products to market, as everything raised by the settler in excess of his own needs was absorbed by newcomers until they were enabled to harvest their first crop.

Banks were few in number then, and there was little use for them. Those in existence were all located in towns along the Mississippi river as follows: Charles Parsons, Keokuk; Coolbaugh and Brooks, Burlington; Green and Stone, Muscatine; Cook and Sergeant, Davenport; W. J. Barney and Company and Langworthy Brothers, Dubuque. The principal occupation of the "banker" in those days was that of entering land on time; that is, purchasing from the government a tract of land previously selected by a settler or speculator, at the regular price of \$1.25 an acre and selling it to him on one year's credit at \$1.75 an acre; that meant *forty per cent interest*. From two and one-half to three per cent a month was the current rate of interest on ordinary bank loans. That rate of interest prevailed for several years in the central

and western part of the state. Back from the river a few enterprising men and firms did business under the title of "bankers"; that term assisted them in their purchase of land warrants in the eastern cities and made a good showing on their printed stationery. Their principal business, however, was "entering land on time" at forty per cent interest, and buying government land for non-resident speculators. Many of these men became, in later years, the founders of prosperous and well-established banks in existence to-day.

There were no banks of issue in those early days. The circulating medium was of many varieties: In gold—American coin, English sovereigns, French twenty francs and Spanish doubloons; in silver—Spanish milled dollars and quarters, Mexican dollars and five franc pieces; in paper money—principally notes of the state banks of Indiana and Missouri, both solid and well-founded in public confidence, and a few eastern bank notes, which were regarded with suspicion because so far away from the point of issue.

But the bankers scattered along the eastern border of Iowa were not long permitted to enjoy a monopoly of the banking business. The "back counties" were soon heard from. In nearly every county seat the representatives of land agencies, realizing that their occupation of entering government lands at an enormous profit was about gone, branched out as full-fledged bankers. True, they had no knowledge whatever of the business, but that was no impediment. They simply engaged in banking as a side issue. Some of them, individually or in partnership, also conducted a real estate office, practiced law, served as justice of the peace, or kept a general store. One was known to operate a barber shop in connection with his bank.

During this stage of affairs an event occurred that completely revolutionized the banking business of Iowa. The states of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin inaugurated a system of free banking, with privilege of issuing bank notes based

on the security of a deposit of state bonds with a state official. It was no trouble whatever to start a bank under this system. All that was necessary was the signing of a few printed blanks and the corporation was ready for business. Character or social standing was not requisite. An ex-convict could incorporate quite as easily as the most honored citizen. The location could quite as well be at a cross-roads as in a well populated town—the more remote and obscure the better. There were no barriers to protect the public from imposition and loss; any individual who could muster up sufficient money or credit to purchase \$25,000 worth of the depreciated bonds of Arkansas, Mississippi, or other repudiating states could start a shiplaster mill and flood the country with the worthless product. Many of these "wild-cat" institutions were incorporated, and Iowa afforded a splendid field in which to circulate their paper, being so remote from the point of issue as to render the return of the notes for redemption tedious and difficult. Many bankers in Iowa yielded to the temptation held out to them by these manufacturers of wild-cat money and accepted the worthless notes for circulation in their respective communities. In some cases the notes were offered for three or six months without interest, providing the Iowa banker would agree to give them circulation in obscure neighborhoods, whence they would not be likely to return to the point of issue for redemption for a long period of time. Bank notes of this character formed the bulk of Iowa's circulating medium for several years. It was a queer form of "money" that floated about in those days. Its value was of such an uncertain character that a man might retire at night under the supposition that he was worth several thousands of dollars and awaken in the morning to find himself a pauper. The titles by which these notes were commonly known were "stump-tail," "red-horse," "wild-cat," "brindle-pup," and others of equally suggestive character.

It will require no lofty flight of the imagination to comprehend the vast difference between the circulating medium of those early days and of the present time. But there were other features of the banking business equally primitive and peculiar. The furnishings and fittings of the banker's office then were in strange contrast to those of his descendants. The office then was generally in a cheap, one-story frame structure. A plain black-walnut counter separated the bank proper from the rest of the room. A cheap desk and table and one or two chairs comprised the furniture behind the counter. There were no elaborate plate-glass windows or wire screens or other elegancies of the modern banking house. In many instances the proprietor of a bank was not only president and cashier, but teller, book-keeper and janitor, also. His safe was in keeping with the other furnishings. It was usually a gorgeously painted and decorated sheet-iron affair, which would offer no more resistance to the modern burglar than a pine box. Such inventions as time-locks, chilled steel and burglar-proof chests with combination fastenings, were unknown.

The unbounded confidence with which the primitive banker nightly placed all his assets in that safe, located in a pine shanty, retiring to his bed with a sense of perfect security, was the very sublimity of faith! A cold chisel or a hatchet in the hands of a burglar would suffice to place all its coveted treasures at his disposal.

Then came the wide-sweeping and disastrous financial panic of 1857, with its long train of failures and distress. The Ohio Life and Trust Company, whose principal office was in Cincinnati, with a branch in New York, and which was the repository of nearly all the leading banks of Ohio, Indiana and other western states, closed its doors. It was found to be hopelessly bankrupt. The day before the failure its stock was quoted at 99 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Nine days later it sold at 15, and soon dropped out of sight, — of no value what-

ever. Many Iowa bankers of considerable prominence were forced to withdraw from business, but the most disastrous results to this state and its banking interests grew out of the surprising depreciation of state stocks which formed the basis of free-bank issues.

This financial crisis brought about a revolution in the banking business in Iowa. Financiers realized that they were confronted with a situation requiring prompt and practical action. The new constitution of the state, framed by a convention which met in Iowa City in March, 1857, was ratified by the people in August, and went into effect in September of that year. It provided among other things that the legislature might create corporations with banking powers, subject to approval by a majority of the electors at a regular or special election, and that said corporations might provide for the establishment of a State Bank with branches founded on an actual specie basis. Under this constitutional provision the legislature passed a law, March 20, 1858, which took effect July 29, of the same year, by a vote of the people, providing for the incorporation of the State Bank of Iowa. The system adopted was patterned closely after the provisions under which the state banks of Ohio and Indiana were organized, and had many commendable features. The statute limited the number of branches to thirty, provided that no bank should be located in a town of less than five hundred population, and created a board of ten commissioners, selected from among the leading citizens of the state, to supervise the first organization of the parent bank and its branches.

The panic of 1857 wiped out many of the banks in the South and West, together with their circulating notes, the value of which was based upon the individual credit of the owners of the banks or on turnpike and canal bonds or similar security. Nevertheless, it left still in existence banks of circulation in nearly every state but Iowa, and their notes were to be found circulating in all the com-



mercial and agricultural centers of the country. Some of them were received at par,—notably those of the banks of the New England states, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio,—for the reason that they were based upon the security of state or federal stocks, while those of the free banks of Illinois and Wisconsin, secured only by state bonds of southern states of rapidly changing value, were received with distrust, and subject to heavy discounts. A few years later, under the terrible test of the Civil War, these bonds, with the bank notes based upon them, became utterly worthless.

Such was the condition of financial affairs in this state, as far as circulating medium was concerned, at the time of the organization of the State Bank of Iowa. It was believed by business men generally that the creation of the new bank,—and its successful operation,—would drive out of Iowa all the spurious floating paper called money, and for this reason every step in the formation of the new bank was watched with the deepest interest.

The board of commissioners named in the statute to inaugurate the State Bank of Iowa, composed of E. H. Harrison, Ezekiel Clark, W. J. Gatling, C. W. Slagle, Elihu Baker, W. S. Dart, E. T. Edington, C. H. Booth and J. W. Dutton, met in Iowa City July 30, 1858, to act upon applications for branches. But little was done at this meeting; but, on September 15 of the same year, the board again met and found several applications for establishment of branches. After nearly a month's investigation, the board certified to Governor Lowe that it had found the following branches lawfully entitled to commence business under the law: Muscatine, Iowa City, Des Moines, Dubuque, Oskaloosa, Mt. Pleasant, Keokuk and Davenport.

At a later period seven more branches were admitted, as follows: Lyons, Burlington, Washington, Fort Madison, McGregor, Council Bluffs and Maquoketa, making the total number fifteen.

The affairs of the State Bank were placed under the control of a board of directors composed of one member from each branch and three members at large, named by the state legislature. The first board was composed as follows:

Representatives of the several branches,—W. T. Smith, Oskaloosa; Samuel F. Miller, Keokuk; P. M. Casady, Des Moines; S. J. Kirkwood, Iowa City; Chester Weed, Muscatine; R. Bonson, Dubuque; T. Whiting, Mt. Pleasant; members at large,—Hiram Price, Benjamin Lake and Hoyt Sherman.

The State Bank was not a bank of issue. It transacted no business except with the branches. Its proper functions were to supply the branches with their circulating notes and to exercise a close supervision over the business of the same, and thus carefully guard the interests of the public. Provisions were made for the issuance of circulating notes to each branch in proportion of one and one-half dollars of circulating notes to each dollar of paid-up stock. The policy of the State Bank, that the stronger branches should help the weaker, proved very efficacious in the case of the Muscatine branch which weakened its financial standing by unsafe investments. The executive committee promptly took charge of its affairs, reorganized the same, called upon the other branches for necessary aid, and that branch was, with but slight delay and without a loss of one penny to its depositors, again placed on a firm and solvent basis. The test was severe but successful, and practically illustrated the advantages of the state banking system. While at the zenith of its prosperity the assets of the State Bank aggregated \$5,620,091.41, with loans and discounts of nearly half a million.

In the winter of 1864-5 congress passed a law establishing a National Bank, and creating a system of national currency under the direct supervision of government officers and uniform throughout the United States. Among other provisions that law laid a very burdensome tax upon the circulating notes of banks doing busi-



ness under state laws. The purpose of this tax was to drive out local bank circulation and make room for that of the national banks. The State Bank of Iowa took immediate steps toward the withdrawal of its circulation. The "Merchants'" branch at Davenport was granted permission to increase its capital stock \$40,000, to enable it to change to a national bank, and every other branch sooner or later merged into the new system. All the circulation of all the branches was redeemed, and the blank circulation on hand and all mutilated notes returned by the branches were burned. As far as the public was concerned, in its relation to the circulation of the branches, there was not one cent of loss and but little inconvenience caused by the withdrawal of its notes. Though in existence but a few years, the State Bank passed safely through one of the most trying periods in the history of our government, and left behind it as a part of its history a reputation for safety, prudence, reliability and other business virtues not excelled by any institution of the kind in the union.

We now come to the subject of Des Moines' financial institutions, than which there are none more reliable or more prudently and ably conducted in the entire country.

There are seventeen banks in the clearing house of the state capital, besides six loan and trust companies, which carry on a large loan business, employing millions of dollars of eastern capital. The assets of the Des Moines banks aggregate \$9,467,667.84. The combined capital is \$1,930,700, and their surplus and undivided profits amount to \$489,350.56. They have \$6,999,144.82 in deposits and \$5,553,423.99 in loans and discounts. Only four of these seventeen are banks of circulation, and the amount of their notes outstanding is a mere trifle in comparison with their business. These are as follows: Citizens' National, \$45,000; Des Moines National, \$43,400; Iowa National, \$21,580; Valley National, \$86,350. THE MIDLAND herewith presents

the portraits of the presidents of these institutions, together with a brief account of the origin and growth of each bank as indicative, in a measure, of the growth and development of the city and the state. Many of the men whose portraits are presented are among the oldest and most successful financiers of the state, several are prominent in the political and educational history of the state and all of them are masters of finance and men of the highest character, in whom the public has the most implicit confidence.

The portraits of Messrs. Merrill and Harter are unavoidably omitted, owing to inability to procure photographs in due season.

Des Moines is the recognized financial center of Iowa, and its clearing house reports are part of the financial history of the country as written from week to week. No other city in the west has enjoyed a more rapid suburban growth during the past ten years. This is largely due to the fact that its banks and loan and trust companies, and numerous strong building and loan associations, have pursued a liberal policy toward home builders. Des Moines is peculiarly a city of fine homes. It is only a few years ago that the territory north of Center street, and west of Fourteenth, was practically unsettled. North Des Moines was, sixteen years ago, a succession of groves and farms. The palatial B. F. Allen homestead, now the home of F. M. Hubbell, Esq., was then "out in the country." Now beautiful homes dot the finely paved streets for miles north of Center and west of Fourteenth street. University and Kingman Places are revelations of the past ten years. East Des Moines has also grown with great rapidity. Des Moines has progressed from a population of 30,000 to upwards of 80,000 within the memory of present high school pupils. Much of this has been accomplished by the boundless faith of financiers in the Capital City of Iowa—men who have been willing to make investments in real estate and help others do the same.

Millions of dollars of eastern capital have been poured into the city for investment. The magnificent, high-towering Equitable building is one of many illustrations of the fact. Des Moines bankers have unwaveringly held faith in the future of this city, and have been willing to invest their surplus capital at home, or loan it out at a reasonable rate of interest on Des Moines realty.

The seventeen banks of this city are the legitimate successors of one single private bank organized in 1868, by John W. Ulm. In 1869 this firm changed to Coskery and Ulm, and was succeeded in November, 1871, by the Citizens' bank, which on May 15, 1872, became the Citizens' National, with Samuel J. Merrill as president, and John W. Ulm, cashier. The bank started with a capital of \$100,000, later increased to \$200,000, which amount it still retains. Its surplus is \$100,000. The bank is officered as follows: President, J. H. Merrill; vice-president, A. Lederer; cashier, J. G. Rounds; assistant cashier, H. T. Blackburn; directors, J. Callanan, Ed. Wright, Samuel Merrill, A. Lederer, H. Younker, W. E. Odell, J. R. Rollins, E. R. Clapp, B. A. Lockwood, J. G. Rounds. The president of this bank, J. H. Merrill, Esq., one of the oldest and most worthy of Des Moines' citizens, was born in Maine in 1820, and is exactly as old as that state itself. At the age of 18 he removed to New Hampshire and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1861 he was a member of the New Hampshire legislature. In 1856 he removed to Iowa, locating at McGregor, where he was for six years president of the First National bank of that city. In 1874 he came to Des Moines and engaged in banking, in which business he has since been actively interested. He has for ten years been president of the Citizens' National.

J. G. Rounds, the cashier of this bank, is manager of the Des Moines Clearing House, and one of the best informed men on banking in the Capital City. He is an encyclopedia of business information, one that is often referred to, and one that

as often cheerfully and satisfactorily responds.

The Iowa National Bank was chartered in 1875, and is the second oldest national bank in Des Moines. It has a capital of \$100,000 and a surplus of \$40,000. Its officers are: President, S. A. Robertson; cashier, Geo. A. Dissmore; directors, E. Martindale, H. A. Elliott, N. T. Guernsey, E. H. Hunter, J. M. Goodman, M. T. V. Bowman, O. H. Perkins, Frederick Field, James Cunningham and Geo. S. Redhead. Its president, Mr. S. A. Robertson, is one of the leading and most enterprising business men of Des Moines. In addition to his duties as pres-



HON. S. A. ROBERTSON.

ident of the bank, he is largely interested in several other important enterprises. Mr. Robertson was born in Ohio in 1835, and in 1856 he came west and located in Des Moines, and engaged in building, contracting, and making brick. He built the Kirkwood House and manufactured all the brick used in its erection. In 1875 Mr. Robertson became a director of the Iowa National, and in 1891 was elected president. Later on he resigned the office, but was reelected in January of the present year. In 1893 he organized the company which now operates the extensive paving brick plant in this city, and is its principal stockholder. Des Moines' paving brick has won a fine reputation.

Mr. Robertson secured and fulfilled the contracts for all the down-town paving in Des Moines. He also operates extensive stone quarries, and is interested in the Des Moines and Royal Union insurance companies of this city. He was a member of the city council for five years, and is rightfully credited with having secured for the city its present fine sewerage system. In all public enterprises Mr. Robertson is always at the front. He has just completed the erection of a handsome six-story building on the ground for years occupied by his homestead on Walnut street, as a monument to his enterprise and faith in the future of Des Moines.

George A. Dissmore, cashier of the Iowa National, has been a resident of Des Moines for twenty-five years. He started with the bank at its organization, as book-keeper, and has risen by his merits to the responsible position of cashier, for which he is eminently qualified.

The Des Moines Savings Bank was organized in January, 1883, with a capital stock of \$50,000. Later it was increased to \$150,000, and is at present \$300,000. Its undivided profits amount to \$30,000. It is officered as follows: President, P. M. Casady; vice-presidents, G. M. Hippee, James G. Berryhill; cashier, Simon Casady; assistant cashier, Leland Windsor; directors, L. Harbach, N. S. McDon-

nell, E. A. Temple, G. M. Hippee, James G. Berryhill, P. M. Casady, Simon Casady, J. H. Windsor, E. C. Finkbine.

Mr. P. M. Casady, president of the Des Moines Savings Bank, is a native of Indiana, where he acquired a liberal education, and was admitted to the bar. In 1846 he came to Iowa, locating in Fort Des Moines, and was the first postmaster of that town. He has filled many offices of public trust, including state senator, representative, judge of the fifth judicial district, receiver of public monies, and regent of the state university. Mr. Casady has been for many years engaged in the banking business in Des Moines, and president of the Des Moines Savings since its organization in 1883. He has borne a prominent part in forming the early history of Iowa. His life has been blameless, and he goes gracefully down life's hill toward the valley and the shadow, honored and revered by all.

Mr. Simon Casady has been cashier of the Des Moines Savings since its organization. He is a thoroughly practical business man, and a close student of current events.

The Capital City State Bank was organized in 1878, with a capital stock of \$50,000, which was afterwards increased to \$100,000. Its surplus is \$15,000. The bank is officered as follows: President, A. Holland; vice-president, Ed. Wright; cashier, J. A. McKinney. The directors are: James Callanan, M. P. Turner, H. M. Patten, J. S. Patten, Ed. Wright, Leander Bolton, J. A. T. Hull, Henry Wagner, A. Holland.

Dr. A. Holland, president of this bank, was born in Indiana in 1835, and is one of the earliest settlers of Iowa. He came to this state with his parents when one year old, and the early portion of his life was passed in Lee and Des Moines counties. He was educated in the public schools and graduated from Rush Medical College, after which he practiced medicine in southern Iowa for a quarter of a century. In 1886 he came to Des Moines, having abandoned his profession on account of ill health. He became president



HON. P. M. CASADY.



DR. A. HOLLAND.

of the Capital City State Bank in 1888. He is also treasurer of, and a director in, the Fidelity Fire Insurance Company of this city. Dr. Holland is one of the substantial citizens of Des Moines. Owing to impaired health he will soon abandon the banking business. He is largely interested in orange groves in Florida, where he passes his winters.

Mr. McKinney, the cashier of this bank, is a fine illustration of what perseverance, industry and pluck can do. He began as a messenger in the bank thirteen years ago, and has risen through successive stages to the position of cashier.

The Des Moines National Bank was established in 1881, and speedily took front rank among the banks of Des Moines. It has a capital of \$300,000, and its deposits were the first of any bank in the city to reach \$1,000,000. Its officers are: President, W. W. Lyons; vice-presidents, C. B. Atkins, C. H. Getchell; cashier, G. M. Reynolds; assistant cashier, C. B. Worthington; directors, W. W. Lyons, G. M. Reynolds, C. H. Getchell, C. B. Atkins, A. Dickey, R. T. Wells-lager, W. S. Regur, C. A. Dudley, H. Riegelman.

Its president, W. W. Lyons, was born in Ohio in 1843, and is of Scotch-Irish extraction. When he was only six years of age his parents removed to Iowa and located in Delaware county and engaged

in farming. Mr. Lyons worked on the farm in the summer and attended school during the winter season, thus obtaining a fair common school education, which was supplemented by a course in the Wisconsin State University. At the age of 22 he engaged in the mercantile and real estate business, and later on established a store in Guthrie Center with his brother, W. A. Lyons, ex-auditor of state. In 1873 he turned his attention to banking, and established the Poweshiek County Bank, located at Brooklyn, of which he was president for twelve years. In 1881 he came to Des Moines, where he made large investments in real estate, having great faith in the future of the city. All these investments have proved profitable. He assisted in the organization of the Valley National Bank, and was for several years its vice-president. He was also one of the incorporators of the Capital Insurance Company, and for some time its president. In January last he became president of the Des Moines National. He is a large owner of real estate in this city and elsewhere, besides holding stock in various banks throughout Iowa. He is, in every sense, a self-made man, energetic and enterprising.

Mr. G. M. Reynolds, cashier of the Des Moines National, has risen to his position by sheer force of merit, and fills



MR. W. W. LYONS.

it to the utmost satisfaction of the bank and its patrons.

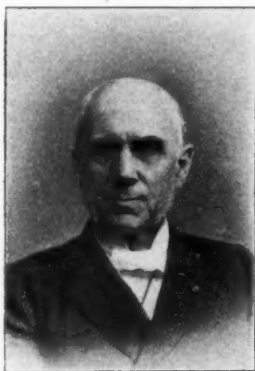
The Polk County Savings Bank commenced business November 1, 1882, and is the oldest savings bank now in Des Moines. It began with a capital stock of \$50,000, which has since been increased to \$100,000. Its deposits now aggregate \$300,000. The officers who were elected at the organization of the bank are still serving in their respective capacities, and are as follows: President, George G. Wright; vice-president, C. D. Reinking; cashier, A. J. Zwart. The directors are: D. G. Edmundson, Fayette Meek, C. D. Reinking, S. B. Tuttle, Martin Flynn, W. H. Quick, L. Sheuerman, R. T. Wellslager, George G. Wright. Six of these have served continuously since organization.

George G. Wright, president of the Polk County Savings Bank, is one of the leading citizens of Iowa. His reputation is national. He is a native of Indiana. He graduated in law at the early age of twenty, and was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1840. In September of that year he came to Iowa and began the practice of law in Keosauqua, where he was elected prosecuting attorney of his county and afterwards state senator. In January, 1855, while yet less than thirty-five years of age, he was elected chief justice of Iowa, holding the office for a period of

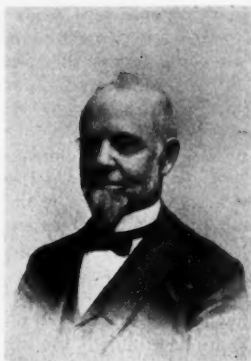
fifteen years, or until 1870, when he was elected to the United States Senate, declining a renomination at the close of his term. In 1865 Judge Wright came to Des Moines, where he has since resided. He engaged in the practice of law, in which he has achieved eminence. In 1882 he abandoned the law and accepted the presidency of the Polk County Savings Bank. He is also president of the Security Loan and Trust Company,—a position he has held since its organization, seven years ago. He also enjoys the distinction of being one of the three members from civil life of the Loyal Legion of the United States. No brief sketch like this can do full justice to the record of such a man. He possesses all the characteristics of a great lawyer and a successful business man. He is genial and unostentatious, and at the same time courtly and dignified. The purity of his life and his fidelity to every trust have won for him the unbounded confidence and respect of his fellow men.

A. J. Zwart, cashier of the Polk County Savings, is regarded as one of the ablest financiers in the city, and has done much toward the upbuilding of the institution with which he is connected.

In 1871, Mr. J. J. Town, president of the Valley National Bank, came to Des Moines, and in company with Geo. M. Hippee, organized the Valley Bank—a private institution. In 1883 the bank was changed to the Valley National, with a capital of \$150,000. In July, 1891, the capital was increased to \$200,000. It has a surplus of \$100,000. The bank is efficiently officered as follows: President, J. J. Town; cashier, R. A. Crawford; assistant cashier, W. E. Barrett; directors, Ira Cook, C. W. Manning, S. B. Tuttle, J. J. Town, E. R. Clapp, W. W. Lyons, C. H. Dilworth, R. A. Crawford, N. W. Johnson, Alfred Hammer, J. K. Gilcrest, Chas. Weitz, J. Lowe. Mr. J. J. Town, the president, was born in Pennsylvania in 1826. In 1848 he removed to Elgin, Ill., and engaged in the mercantile business. Here he began his experience in the banking business. He



JUDGE GEORGE G. WRIGHT.



MR. J. J. TOWN.

was for several years cashier of the Elgin Bank. In 1860 he again engaged in the mercantile business, this time at Geneseo, Ill. Later he returned to Erie, Pa., and became one of the incorporators of the Keystone National Bank. In 1861 he came to Des Moines and associated with Mr. Hippee in the organization of the Valley Bank. Mr. Town is one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Des Moines, pleasant and sunny in manner, and a gentleman of the old school. In his management of the bank he is ably assisted by Cashier R. A. Crawford, one of the brightest, best informed young business men in the Capital City.

The American Savings Bank was organized in 1883, with a capital stock of \$50,000, which was increased to \$75,000 in 1892. It has a surplus of \$15,000, deposits of \$225,000, and loans about the same. Its officers are: President, E. S. Harter; vice-presidents, F. E. Elliott and N. W. Smith; cashier, William L. Shepard; assistant cashier, A. B. Elliott; directors, E. S. Harter, F. E. Elliott, N. W. Smith, G. D. Ellyson, J. Randolph, H. H. Swope, J. S. Brown, William L. Shepard.

Its president, E. S. Harter, was born in Ohio in 1824, in which state he grew to manhood. In 1854 he came to Des Moines, after successfully mining for two years in California, and was for many

years engaged in the grocery business, later on turning his attention to real estate and banking. In 1883 he assisted in the organization of the American Savings Bank, which is regarded as one of the sound, financial institutions of the city. More than half of Mr. Harter's life has been passed in Des Moines, where he is universally esteemed and respected.

The cashier of the American Savings Bank, Mr. W. L. Shepard, was elected to that position the present year. He stands for all that is trusty and efficient in this capacity.

The State Savings Bank was organized in 1887 with a capital stock of \$50,000, which was increased in 1891 to \$100,000. The bank has a surplus of \$20,000, and has paid regular 7 per cent semi-annual dividends. Its officers are: President, M. Strauss, with J. G. Rounds and Geo. E. Pearsall, vice presidents. Mr. Pearsall also acts as cashier. The directors are: J. H. Merrill, M. P. Turner, E. R. Clapp, M. Strauss, J. G. Rounds, D. W. Smouse, W. E. Odell, L. J. Wells, Geo. E. Pearsall.

Mr. M. Strauss was elected president in 1894. He was born in Bavaria, Germany in 1833, and emigrated to America in 1848, locating in New Orleans, where he learned the cigar-maker's trade. In 1852 he went to Australia, and, later on, to Africa. Thence he went to South Amer-



MR. M. STRAUSS.



ica. In 1857 he returned to the States. A year later he came to Des Moines and opened an extensive dry goods and clothing business. In 1866, in company with Mr. Lederer, he established a wholesale business in millinery and notions, with which he is still connected. He is one of Des Moines' honored citizens, and has achieved success in life by his own personal efforts.

Mr. George E. Pearsall, the acting cashier of the bank, ranks among the foremost of Des Moines' able financiers.

The Grand Avenue Savings Bank was organized in 1890 by its president, D. H. Kooker, with a capital stock of \$50,000. It has a surplus of \$5,000. Its officers are: President, D. H. Kooker; vice-president, W. Juvenal; cashier, George W. Shope. It transacts a general banking business.

D. H. Kooker, its president, was born in Pennsylvania in 1842, where he was educated for the ministry under the auspices of the Evangelical Association. At the age of 19 he was licensed to preach, and in 1868 came to Polk City, Iowa, where he was the resident pastor of his church for two years. In 1870 he removed to Des Moines, where he served in the ministry until 1886, when failing health compelled him to abandon active effort in that calling. He then bought an interest in the *Iowa Daily Capital*, and



REV. D. H. KOOKER.

assumed the position of business manager. In 1888 he became its editor, and at the end of two years retired, and organized the bank of which he is now president. He has for many years been active and influential in evangelical work. He is a man of fine scholarly attainments, honorable and conscientious, and faithful to every trust reposed in him.



MR. MARTIN FLYNN.

The People's Savings Bank began business in 1890 with a capital stock of \$50,000. It has deposits of over \$250,000 and a surplus of \$30,000. Its officers are: President, Martin Flynn; vice-president, Adam Dickey; cashier, Chas. H. Martin; assistant cashier, F. P. Flynn; directors, A. Sheurman, Charles H. Martin, J. A. Garver, O. H. Perkins, C. C. Loomis, W. R. Warfield, Martin Tuttle, A. Dickey, Martin Flynn.

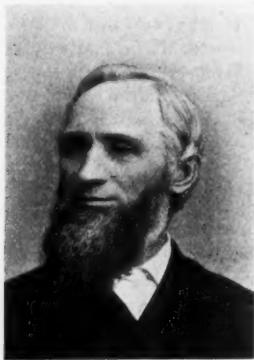
Its president, Martin Flynn, was born in Ireland in 1840, and came to America when eleven years of age. When twelve years old young Flynn began business for himself by taking a contract to break stone for a railroad company in Pennsylvania for 75 cents a day. In 1856 he came to Iowa, locating at Dubuque, where he became an extensive railroad contractor. He has built sections of railroads in various western states, among them the Wisconsin Central, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Chicago and Northwestern, Wabash, Des Moines and Northwestern



and others. In 1867 Mr. Flynn purchased a fine farm of 1,500 acres in Polk county, Iowa, seven miles from Des Moines, acknowledged to be the best appointed farm in Polk county. This he managed until 1889, when he turned it over to the care of his sons and came to Des Moines, where he now owns much valuable property. When the People's Savings Bank was organized he became its president. Mr. Flynn is a splendid illustration of what energy and industry can accomplish in this land and generation.

The cashier of this bank, Mr. Chas. H. Martin, is regarded as one of the rising young business men of the city.

The Marquardt Savings Bank was organized by George W. Marquardt in January, 1891. The original purpose of the organizer of this institution was to conduct purely a savings institution, but in 1893, yielding to a strong public demand, he began the transaction of a general banking business, since which time the dealings of the bank have increased one hundred per cent, and the Marquardt is rapidly taking its place among the leading financial institutions of the city. It is recognized as sound and conservative in every respect. Its officers are: President, G. W. Marquardt; vice-president, D. F. Witter; cashier, G. D. Ellyson. The directors are: W. O. Curtis, A. P. Fleming, J. G. Berryhill, E. C. Finkbine, G. B. Pray.



MR. GEORGE W. MARQUARDT.

Its president, Mr. Geo. W. Marquardt, was born in Hessen Darnstadt, Germany, in 1832. He emigrated to America in 1852, locating in Dayton, Ohio. After residing there for two years he moved to Iowa City, where he established the well-known wholesale jewelry house of Geo. W. Marquardt & Sons. In 1887 he transferred his jewelry business to Des Moines, which he continued until the establishment of this bank in 1891. He is one of the most reliable business men in the Capital City, and has made his way up the ladder of life, step by step, to his present high position.

The cashier of this bank, Mr. G. D. Ellyson, occupies an established place among the influential business men of this city, being a moving force in several moneyed corporations.

The Home Savings Bank was established in 1891, with a paid-up capital of \$50,000. Its surplus is \$7,500, and its deposits aggregate over \$100,000. Its officers are: President, V. P. Twombly; vice-president, H. E. Teachout; cashier, A. C. Miller. The board of directors is composed of some of the strongest financial men in this city, and are: H. E. Teachout, H. C. Hansen, S. B. Garton, V. P. Twombly, B. A. Lockwood, F. A. Baylies, Thos. A. Cheshire, Andrew Nelson, Henry Taylor.

Capt. V. P. Twombly, president of the Home Savings Bank, was born near Farmington, Iowa, in 1842, and educated in the public school of Keosauqua. When President Lincoln issued his call for troops Mr. Twombly was among the first to respond, and enlisted in 1861. He entered Company F, Second Iowa Infantry, and was successively promoted for deeds of daring to corporal, color sergeant, second lieutenant, first lieutenant and adjutant, and captain. He was severely wounded at Corinth, but remained in the service until mustered out in July, 1865. He was an active participant at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, in the Atlanta campaign and on the march to the sea. Returning home he attended commercial college for several months, and then



CAPT. V. P. TWOMBLY.

engaged in active business. In 1879 he was elected treasurer of Van Buren county by the Republicans, and reelected in 1881. In 1884 he served as mayor of Keosauqua, and in August of that year was nominated by acclamation for the office of treasurer of state, and twice reelected, each time by the full party majorities. In June, 1891, he assisted in organizing the Home Savings Bank, and was elected its president, a position he still retains. Captain Twombly's military, official and civil life has been highly creditable, and he enjoys the confidence and esteem of the people of his city and state.

A. C. Miller, cashier of the Home Savings Bank, was for several years deputy treasurer of Polk county. He is a thorough business man, and experienced in the careful handling of large sums of money.

The German Savings Bank was incorporated in 1893, with a capital stock of \$50,000. It has a surplus of \$15,000, deposits of over \$420,000, and is one of the staunch financial concerns of the city. Its officers are: President, Francis Geneser; vice-president, J. D. Whisenand; cashier, J. W. Geneser; directors, Francis Geneser, J. D. Whisenand, J. W. Geneser, John B. Schuster, W. B. Bentley, G. Van Ginkel, Charles Weitz, Phil Schmidt, Charles L. Kahler.

Mr. Francis Geneser, president of the German Savings, is one of the earliest settlers of Polk county. He is a native of Germany, and when twenty years of age came to America, and located in Des Moines in 1856. During the following twenty-two years he was one of the leading contractors and brick manufacturers in this city. In 1885, having acquired a handsome competence, he laid aside business cares, and is now enjoying the fruits of his honorable toil. He is a man of sterling integrity in whom his fellow citizens have implicit confidence.



MR. FRANCIS GENESER.

The Bankers' Iowa State Bank was organized in the spring of 1893. Its capital is \$158,500, and its loans aggregate nearly \$400,000. It is an association of state bankers, on a coöperative plan, organized for the purpose of giving Iowa a money center, and to centralize Iowa business. Its officers are: President, Albert Head; vice-presidents, A. O. Garlock, Jas. R. Baxter; cashier, C. T. Cole, Jr.; directors, Albert Head, A. A. Garlock, Geo. Fairburn, S. F. Prouty, V. F. Newell, Geo. L. Brower, all of Des Moines; Jas. R. Baxter, Ida Grove; L. Linebarger, Orient; J. B. Burton, Kellogg; C. P. Walker, Paton; C. T. Cole, Corning; Chas. Yale, Yale; C. F. McCarty, Jefferson; J. P. Farmer, Sioux Rapids; A. D. Clarke, Algona.



CAPT. ALBERT HEAD.

Capt. Albert Head, president of the Bankers State Bank, is one of the most prominent men in Iowa—one who has made his own way to wealth and distinction. He was born in Ohio in 1838, and at the age of seventeen came to Iowa with his parents and located on a farm in Poweshiek county. Here he worked on a farm during the summer, and in winter taught school at twenty dollars a month. Later he studied law in the office of Congressman Cutts, and in 1861 entered the army as a private, coming out as a captain in 1865. He was severely wounded in the head both at Corinth and at Vicksburg. At the close of the war he removed to his present home in Jefferson, Greene county, where for six years he practiced law. Few men in Iowa have held more public trusts than he. He has been United States revenue collector, state representative for four terms, speaker of the Iowa house of representatives, and president of the state agricultural society, and has held other positions of honor. He is said to be the only man in Iowa who has been permitted to vote twice in succession for Senator Allison, a six years' term intervening.

Mr. C. T. Cole, Jr., who lately assumed the position of cashier of the Bankers' State, has thoroughly demonstrated his ability to satisfactorily perform the exacting duties of that office.

The Savings Bank of Iowa is the youngest in Des Moines' bright galaxy of banking institutions. It was established in the summer of 1893, with a paid-up capital of \$50,000, and has done a safe and satisfactory business. Its officers are: President, F. A. Baylies; vice president, G. Van Ginkel; cashier, Geo. W. Rhine; directors, Frank W. Vorse, W. H. Arnold, F. A. Baylies, G. Van Ginkel, S. M. Holmes, C. H. Dilworth, A. H. Mershon, S. W. Bennett, John Cooper.

The president of this bank, Mr. F. A. Baylies, is the youngest bank president in the city. He was born in Illinois in 1857, and came to this state at an early age, being virtually reared on an Iowa farm. In 1879 he came to Des Moines and secured a position in the office of the county sheriff. Shortly after he was tendered and accepted the position of deputy county treasurer, in which position he served for four years, when he was nominated and elected county treasurer in 1888—it being said of him that he was one of the best treasurers Polk county ever had. By his good management the bonds of the county sold at the highest price ever reached by them in the history of the county. At the end of his second term Mr. Baylies voluntarily retired from office, and in the spring of 1893 he organ-



MR. F. A. BAYLIES.

ized the Savings Bank of Iowa and was elected as its president. Though the youngest, this bank is nevertheless one of the most promising in the city. Associated with him in this enterprise as vice-president is Mr. G. Van Ginkel, one of Des Moines' millionaires, and, as cashier, Mr. Geo. W. Rhine, for several years in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, and who is regarded as one of the most promising among the many young business men in Des Moines.

#### LOAN AND TRUST COMPANIES.

Twenty years ago money commanded a high rate of interest in Des Moines. In those days the unfortunate borrower was generally compelled to pay from ten to twenty per cent on loans. Mr. B. F. Allen, in his palmiest days, reduced the rate of interest from twenty to ten or twelve per cent, and forced the usurers to this standard. With the advent of the loan and trust companies, employing large sums of eastern capital, the rate of interest was still further reduced, until to-day money is plentiful in Des Moines, on gilt-edge security, at six and seven per cent. Probably more people live in homes of their own in Des Moines than in any other city of its size in the United States. This is largely due to the existence of the several large loan and trust companies, which have been willing to assist the man of limited means to build a home and pay for it out of his earnings.

The Iowa Loan and Trust Company was organized in 1872, with a capital of \$50,000, which has since been increased to \$500,000, all paid in. Its surplus and undivided earnings aggregate \$300,000. Its business is confined largely to Iowa, eastern Nebraska and southern Dakota, and is entirely on the debenture plan. It has erected in this city a splendid monument to its success in the form of a magnificent seven-story office building, with every modern convenience. Its officers are: President, John M. Owens; vice-president, D. F. Witter; treasurer, W. E. Coffin; secretary, J. H. Blair; directors, H. Dewing, James Callanan, G. M.



MR. JOHN M. OWENS.

Hippee, John M. Owens, C. A. Dudley, Ira Cook, W. E. Coffin, D. F. Witter, J. G. Rounds.

Its president, Mr. J. M. Owens, is a native of Ohio, and one of the most highly honored citizens of Des Moines—having lived in and about this city for over fifty years. In 1840, when twenty years of age, he came to Iowa, locating in Davenport. A few years later he became a resident of Des Moines, when it was a mere trading post, and has seen its growth to a magnificent city. He is connected with many leading institutions, and his name is a synonym for reliability.

The New England Loan and Trust Company began business about the month of February, 1876, as a partnership. Mr. D. O. Eshbaugh, who is to-day president of the company, was the junior partner in the establishment of the firm. The business was from the beginning conducted under the present name of the company. A corporation was organized September 21, 1882, to succeed the growing business of the partnership. The capital of the corporation was at first small, but has been increased from time to time as seemed desirable, until the paid stock is now \$760,000, to which the company has added earnings to a little more than one hundred thousand dollars. The business of the company has always been and now is almost exclusively the

making and sale of real estate mortgages and of debentures based upon such mortgages. Such debentures have been issued by the company to the amount of about four millions of dollars. The company's Eastern office, New York City, is managed by D. O. Eshbaugh, the president, and W. F. Bartlett, secretary and treasurer. Messrs. W. W. Witmer, G. W. Marquardt and John Wyman, of Des Moines, are among the directors.

The Security Loan and Trust Company was organized in 1882, and has a capital of \$200,000, with a surplus of \$50,000. Its outstanding loans aggregate \$3,000,000. It is distinctively a home company, owned and managed by Des Moines people. Its president is Hon. George G. Wright, but its active business manager and secretary is D. G. Edmundson. Mr. Edmundson is an Iowa product, born in Oskaloosa in 1850. He was educated in Iowa College at Grinnell, and in the State University at Iowa City. He has had an experience of twelve years in the loan business, and thoroughly understands its every ramification. He is an Iowa man in every respect—loyal to his city and state.

The officers of this company are: President, George G. Wright; vice-president, R. T. Wellslager; secretary, D. G. Edmundson; treasurer, Samuel A. Merrill;



MR. D. G. EDMUNDSON.

assistant treasurer, E. G. Zellhoefer; directors, George G. Wright, R. T. Wellslager, J. H. Windsor, Fayette Meek, J. C. Cummins, S. B. Tuttle, S. A. Merrill, D. G. Edmundson.



MR. THOMAS HATTON.

The Central Loan and Trust Company was organized in August, 1884, with a capital of \$50,000, which has been increased from time to time as the growth of its business demanded, until now it exceeds \$160,000. It occupies the banking room in the corner of the beautiful Youngerman Building, near the post-office. It has a strong, well established business, with a clientage in the city of Philadelphia and in Vermont, of which any concern might well be proud. It has invested about five millions of dollars without the loss of a penny to any investor. Its directory board and local stockholders comprise some of the best known and most conservative citizens of Des Moines. Among them are Thomas Hatton, president; D. B. Lyons, treasurer and manager; C. B. Atkins, Col. Edward Martindale, Simon Casady, F. A. Percival, J. B. Stewart and others.

Thomas Hatton, the Central's president, came to America from Ireland when a boy, and located in Ohio. His residence in Des Moines dates back to 1861, when he came here to buy grain. He was the first railroad freight and ticket agent in

Des Moines, for the old Galena Union railroad, in which business he remained for six years, or until after the K. and D.M. and Rock Island roads were built. Then, taking advantage of the impetus thus given the city, he engaged in the real estate business with Denman Percival, which he still follows, and in which he has been highly successful. Mr. Hatton is one of Des Moines' foremost citizens, and is connected with many public enterprises.

The Des Moines Loan and Trust Company was organized in 1885, with a capital stock of \$240,000, of which \$236,000 is paid in. Its officers are: President, E. S. Wishard; vice-president, W. L. Read; treasurer, Simon Casady. The directors are: E. S. Wishard, A. B. Garton, W. L. Read, J. P. Davis, S. B. Garton. This company has been highly successful in its investments, and has a large and extended clientage.

Mr. E. S. Wishard, president of the Des Moines Loan and Trust Company, was born in Ohio in 1848. When a young man he came to Iowa, and after graduating from the law department of the State University at Iowa City, came to Des Moines and engaged in the practice of his profession, forming a partnership with W. L. Read, who is now interested with him in the Loan and Trust Company. Three years ago Mr. Wishard was elected president of the company, and has largely increased its business since that time. He is a practical man, and has made a success in all he has undertaken.

The Lewis Investment Company was organized in 1886, and has a paid-up capital of \$150,000. It has had a most successful career, and is ably and conservatively managed. Its officers are: President, George H. Lewis; vice-president, H. Gardner Talcott; secretary, W. A. Hotchkiss. The directors are: A. J. Newton, F. W. Vorse, Geo. H. Fox, H. G. Talcott, George H. Lewis, Caleb B. Atkins.



MR. GEORGE H. LEWIS.

Its president, George H. Lewis, was born in Connecticut in 1842. At an early age he began a preparatory college course at Ellington, Conn., which was continued later at East Hampton, Mass. In 1862 he laid aside his school books and entered the army. He was in many important engagements, being severely wounded at Antietam, and also in the famous charge at Marye's Heights, the last wound permanently disabling him, and compelling him to retire from the service. On his return to civil life he entered Yale college, graduating in 1868. In 1869 he came to Iowa and for two years was a professor at Grinnell college, where D. B. Lyons and other men now prominent in the financial world of Des Moines were his pupils. He was a successful educator. In 1871 he came to Des Moines and the following year engaged in the practice of law with Hon. Galusha Parsons. In 1886 he became president of the Lewis Investment Company. Mr. Lewis is an author of distinction, having written, among other things, a valuable contribution to the solution of the railroad problem. He has acquired a good competency, and knows how to enjoy life in a sensible way. He is one of the solid citizens of the Capital City.



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HIS SURVIVING BROTHER, JOHN HOWARD BRYANT, ON THE POET'S CHARACTER AND EARLY LIFE—A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO AN INCREASINGLY INTERESTING SUBJECT.

THE most notable personage at the recent centennial celebration of the birth of William Cullen Bryant, at Cummington, Mass., on the 3d day of August, was the dead poet's venerable brother, John Howard Bryant, of Princeton, Illinois, now in his eighty-eighth year, and yet mentally strong as ever, and in soul quite as young and responsive. A local paper describes him as "a man of tall frame, once strong, erect and vigorous, now weakened with the weight of eighty-seven years—a genial face, a mild and winning voice, a countenance that bespeaks the inspiration within. He moved about among the throng of people, greeting old friends and receiving the congratulations of all, the observed of all observers. His two poems, which he delivered with much feeling, breathe the air of a broad and deep friendship and devotion, and prove him to be a poet worthy to stand beside his distinguished brother."

This high praise of John Howard Bryant as a poet may be extravagant, but they who have read his "Monody"—one of the two poems above referred to—can readily forgive the comparison made. We quote a few stanzas showing the melody of the rhythm and the tenderness of the feeling in which the verse was written:

There, with me walks and kindly talks  
The dear, dear friend of all my years;  
We laid him low, not long ago.

At Roslyn-side, with sobs and tears.  
But though I know that this is so,  
I will not have it so to-day;  
The illusion still, by force of will,  
Shall give my wayward fancy play.

Then, after recounting the simple joys of their boyhood together, the old man pathetically exclaims:

The spell is broke! O, cruel stroke!  
The illusive vision will not stay;  
My fond sweet dream was fancy's gleam  
Which stubborn fact has chased away.

I am alone, my friend is gone!

That voice so sweet, that late did greet  
My ears, each passing summer-tide,  
Is silent now—that reverent brow  
Rests in the grave at Roslyn-side.

Unable to accept an invitation to be present and address the Bryant Centennial held in the Unitarian Church, Des Moines, Sunday evening, November 4th, Mr. John Howard Bryant kindly sent the pastor of that church, the Rev. Leon Harvey, the following tribute to the memory of his famous brother. It will be found deeply interesting as a character and life sketch of our first great poet, by one who doubtless knew him better than any other person now living—a remarkable piece of composition from one who is nearly a score of years past the traditional days of man upon the earth.

### A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE.

*My dear friends,*—In what I shall say to you at this time, I trust I may not be thought to transcend the bounds of a pardonable vanity; for I hope not to go beyond the expressed opinion and judgment of the literary world, in relation to the merits of him whose birthday you are met to celebrate.

It was on the 3d day of November, 1794, that William Cullen Bryant first opened his eyes to the light, in the town of Cummington, Mass. It was a chilly, stormy day, with a northeast wind, the hour seven o'clock in the evening when the event happened, as the record shows. An event of no small importance in the literary annals of the country. The house where he was born has long since disappeared, even longer ago than I can recollect. But what Thoreau says is one of the most lasting monuments of civilization, "a hole in the ground, which was once a cellar," is still visible. Some persons who felt an interest in perpetuating a knowledge of the spot, then retained by very few, have recently erected upon it a shaft of polished granite, with this simple inscription:

BIRTH-PLACE OF BRYANT. NOV. 3, 1794.

So if any of you should ever stray into that region, and should have the curiosity to visit that spot, you will now have no difficulty to find it.

When Cullen was in his fifth year, in April, 1799, the family moved to the place now known as the "Bryant Homestead," a little more than a mile west of the place of his birth, where the four youngest of the family of seven children were born, and where was the home of all till grown to man and womanhood; and to which all ever clung with a strong attachment and affection, and none more closely than the subject of this sketch. It is a spot of great loveliness and beauty, well up the acclivity, on a little table-land, with a steep hill crowned with wood rising to the west, while to the east, south and north, a wide scene opens to the view, stretching far away to distant summits. A panorama of woodland, meadow and pasture, with deep shady ravines, where the mountain brooks go rushing down to join their waters with the larger streams. All clothed in spring with an intense greenness, and in autumn, the forests glowing with a radiance and beauty which the skill of the painter can never equal; and in the long winters, clad in snows of purest white, piled in high drifts by the fierce howling winds. A little brook, fed by mountain springs, passes near the dwelling, where the bare-foot boy paddled in infancy, and beside which "he tried his first rude numbers." He was a small, delicately constituted child, and for some time after his birth his chance for life was thought to be very uncertain. Dr. Dawes, then a medical student of his father's, used to take him each morning of the summer following his birth to a spring near the house, and having given him a dip in the cold water, wrapped him in a warm blanket and returned him to the arms of his mother, the little fellow, after having learned by experience what was coming, struggling and screaming with all his might to escape the intended ablution. But the boy grew apace, and the unfavorable predictions were not verified. In his Autobiography, he says:

"As soon as I was able to handle the lighter implements of agriculture, I was employed in the summer season in farm work, under the tuition of my Grandfather Snell, who taught me to plant and hoe corn and potatoes, to rake hay, and reap wheat, rye and oats with sickle. My health then was rather delicate, and had been from infancy. Sometimes the tasks were too great for my strength, and brought on severe attacks of sick headache. I can not say, as some do, that

my boyhood was the happiest part of my life. I had more frequent ailments then than afterwards. My hopes were more feverish and impatient, and my disappointments were more acute. The restraints upon my liberty of action, though meant for my good, were irksome and felt as fetters that galled my spirit and gave it pain. After years, if their pleasures had not the same zest, were passed in more contentment, and the more freedom of choice I had, the better I enjoyed life. My mother and grandmother had taught me, as soon as I could speak, the Lord's prayer, and other little petitions suited to childhood, and I heard every variety of prayer at Sunday evening services conducted by laymen in private houses. But I varied my private devotions from those models, in supplicating, as I often did, that I might receive the gift of poetic genius, and write the verses that might endure. As a general rule, for whatever I might innocently wish, I did not see why I should not ask, for I was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer."

Like other boys, he preferred play to work, and his greatest delight was to roam alone over the hills and through the old mossy forests of the wild region that lay around his mountain home. He was thought to be a rather precocious child. On the first anniversary of his birthday he could walk alone, and when sixteen months old knew all the letters of the alphabet. He early learned several of Watts' hymns, and when five years old used to declaim them from a large chair which he called his pulpit. He called this exercise preaching. His favorite hymn was the one beginning with the line:

"Come sound His praise abroad."

It was here that his love of verse first appeared, and in his ninth year he began to write rhymes. While rambling alone in the forest, the inspiration so earnestly prayed for seems to have come upon him, and the verses he had there traced out in his mind were written down on his return to the house. Of these earliest efforts nothing that I know of has been preserved. Before the close of his tenth year he wrote, at the request of his grandfather, a paraphrase of the first chapter of Job, for which he was paid a nine-pence—twelve and one-half cents. This was, I think, his first literary venture. The first draft read thus—

"His name was Job, evil did he eschew.  
To him seven sons were born, three daughters too."

Showing it to his father, he was told that it would not do, and that he must try

again. He changed the beginning as follows :

"Job, just and good, in Uz had sojourned long.  
He feared his God, and shunned the way of wrong.  
Three were his daughters and his sons were seven.  
And large the wealth bestowed on him by heaven."

It will be seen that, as amended, four lines are required to express the thought contained in the two, as first written. About this time or soon after, he wrote a paraphrase of the 104th Psalm, no trace of which can be found. In May, 1806, in his twelfth year, he wrote an elegy on the death of a cousin, and in June or July of the same year, he wrote a description in verse of the total eclipse of the sun, which happened in June of that year, beginning with these lines :

"How awfully sublime, how grand to see  
The lamp of day wrapped in obscurity."

In February, 1807, when a little more than twelve years old, he wrote and spoke an address to the teacher and pupils of the common school which he attended, which is a decided improvement upon anything written before. About this time, also, he wrote a version of David's lament over Saul and Jonathan, probably his first attempt at blank verse. From this time he wrote numerous poems. In 1808 was published the "Embargo," in a second edition of which were included several other poems, but none of much merit. Upon all these juvenile productions he came to look in mature life with indifference, if not with something allied to shame, for he said they were all worthless trash, and never seemed to like to hear them spoken of. In the autumn of 1810 he entered Williams College in the Sophomore class. He remained, however, only seven or eight months, and took an honorable discharge the first of May, 1811, intending to enter and complete his course of study at Yale. But his father's circumstances were not then such as to enable him to incur the expense, and therefore his school education closed at that time.

The summer and autumn of 1811 he spent at home, and facts show conclusively that it was during this summer or autumn that the first draft of "Thanatopsis" was made, and not as has been generally supposed in 1812 or 1813. In proof of this we have his own statement many times repeated, and to different persons at different times, saying positively that he wrote it before he began to study law, and this was December 8, 1811, but he usually added that it was written in

his eighteenth year ; in this he must have made a mistake in his reckoning, as this could not have been if it was written in 1811, as he was then in his seventeenth year. But this is not adding to the merits of the poem, but only making it still more a wonder that it should have been written by one so young. When "Thanatopsis" was first shown to the poet Dana he declared that "it could not have been written in this country for he knew of no American who could write it." The poet Stoddard says : "It is the greatest poem ever written by so young a man." By common consent of literary critics, it was the first poem written in this country that is destined to live. By "Thanatopsis" my brother is more widely known than by any or all of his other poems. Thousands of people know that he was the author of "Thanatopsis" who hardly know that he ever wrote anything else, and yet there are many passages of equal power and sublimity in his other poems which seem to be little known or entirely overlooked by a large majority of the readers of poetry.

But writing poetry was but a small part of the labor performed by my brother during his long and varied life. For fifty-two years he was connected with a large daily paper, and for nearly all of that time was its principal editor. Mr. John Bigelow, who was associated many years with him in editing the *Evening Post*, and knew him well, says that "for forty years he was at his office desk usually at seven o'clock in the morning, rarely as late as eight, and remained until the paper was ready for the press, always writing industriously, and carefully directing the arrangement of the paper." Twelve times he crossed the Atlantic, traveled in most of the countries of Europe, visited Constantinople, Egypt, Syria and Palestine, traveled in the West India Islands and Mexico, besides visiting the most of the states of the Union. In his youth he acquired some knowledge of Latin, and was a good scholar in Greek. But he was thirty years old before he attempted to acquire any knowledge of modern languages. He first studied French, then Spanish, German, Italian and Portuguese, all of which he mastered so as to be able to speak them fluently. He early gave attention to the natural sciences. He was a good botanist and mineralogist, and a good chemist, for the time when he studied that science. He took great interest in agriculture and horticulture, and exerted himself in many ways to encourage the introduction and cultivation of rare, useful and ornamental

plants, trees, vegetables and flowers. He first called the attention of the people of New York to the importance of a public park, and to him is given the credit, through persistent effort, of the establishment of the great Central Park, of which the city is now so proud. His integrity and truthfulness were above suspicion. He scorned all deceit, and I suppose never in his life attempted to carry a point by the slightest indirection. He knew nothing about driving a sharp bargain, and was always willing to take and give a fair price, but frequently gave more than things were worth.

He began life poor and until he was sixty years old accumulated but little property, notwithstanding his persevering industry. During his last twenty years, however, the *Evening Post* became so prosperous that his income was large, but he used it liberally, bestowing the greater part of it in various charities and donations for public purposes.

He was temperate in all his habits, never used tobacco in any way, believing that from the disgusting filthiness of the habit it was the means of shortening human life, laying the foundation for nervous diseases, paralysis and cancerous affections. Tea and coffee he abandoned at thirty-five, and never tasted afterwards. He rarely tasted wine, although he kept it, and usually offered it to guests whom he knew or thought would expect it. I once knew him to make a mug of flip in which a little rum was used, as he said he wanted to see if it tasted as it did when his grandfather made it when he was a boy. This was the only time I ever knew him to taste spirituous liquor.

He never suffered anything short of impossibility to prevent his keeping his appointment or his word and when he made up his mind to do anything, or go anywhere, he rarely desisted or changed his purpose. Even when it appeared unwise to others, he would still persist and carry out his original intention if possible. He was persistently regular in all his habits. In the evening he retired regularly at nine. To this there were of course exceptions, but he rarely sat up after ten. His hour of rising was half-past five, summer and winter. His first business after leaving bed, was to go through a series of exercises, never occupying less than one hour, in which he contrived to bring as far as possible, all his joints and muscles into play. This he did to the day on which the accident occurred, which resulted in his death. His regular breakfast hour was seven, but when in the city he usually took a lunch in his

pocket, which he ate at his office after walking three miles from his dwelling. This he invariably did, never riding even in stormy weather, till the last time he visited his office. When he took breakfast with the family, his meal was distinct from that of others, consisting of bread and milk or oat meal, and adding when he could get them, baked apples. His dinner was the same as that of the rest of the family, when he ate heartily of meats and vegetables. His supper, when he took any, was similar to the breakfast. His time for work was in the morning and never at night.

In the afternoon, during the ten years of which I spent the summer months with him at Cummington, his practice was to take a walk every day whether the weather was fair or foul. Sometimes these walks were extended to five or six miles, making ten or twelve miles, and once I remember as many as eighteen miles, going and returning. In this way we followed all the brooks from source to mouth, climbed every hill, visited every deserted dwelling and all the old forests in the vicinity. These walks he seemed to enjoy with as much zest as when he took similar rambles in boyhood and youth. He was a close observer of things around him. All the aspects of nature were familiar to him which may be noticed in his descriptive poems.

The last time I saw my brother before his death was about the middle of September, 1877, at the old homestead in Cummington. I had spent the usual two months with him and his daughter very pleasantly, and was just about to take my leave of him and start homeward. He followed me to the carriage, and, taking my hand, said:

"John, you must come again next summer; perhaps I may be here to receive you, and perhaps not."

I reminded him of his good health, of his mental and physical vigor, which seemed at that time but little impaired, and said:

"I think it quite as likely that you will be here as that I shall, if not more so."

"Ah, no; he said, 'my time is necessarily short. I know I am pretty strong now, but I shall likely be brought up with a round turn before long, and that is likely to happen at any moment when least expected. I do not wish to live to be foolish, and before that time comes I hope I may be permitted to go.'"

We then parted, and I saw him no more. Now, my young friends, here was a man who in infancy, boyhood, youth and early manhood, was thought to hold life by a very slender thread, having all

those years symptoms of consumption, which insidious disease, it was thought, might end his life in a short time. He had studied many things, but never himself. About the age of thirty he turned his attention to the care of his health. He instituted a rigid discipline of his mental and physical powers; established a regular routine of diet, exercise, work

and rest, and in a few years built up a robust bodily health, a symmetrical and well-balanced character, lived an active and laborious life; all aimed to promote human happiness, and make the world better, and at last died at a good old age, crowned with honor and blessings. Will not some of you young people try to copy his example?

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THIS Midland region is not given to exploiting professional beauties. It has none to exploit. But that it has many beautiful women is as indisputable as that it has many manly men. "Our Prairie Queen," pictured and described in verse on the opening page of the present number, is an interesting bit of evidence in point. This "dew-eyed Daisy" is no mere idealization. It is, rather, a real flesh and blood midland maiden yet in her teens, presumably fancy free; known to be unspoiled of society; full of the splendid, eager, aggressive enthusiasm of youth, and yet innately modest as a field-daisy. She finds pleasure in social intercourse and the companionship of friends, but is very much at home with Nature. She is educated in the learning of the schools, and yet, like Wordsworth's maiden, she lends her ear "in many a secret place, and beauty born of murmuring sounds" has passed into her face. Or, like the idealized dwellers in Arden's forest, she finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." May the promise written on the fair face of "Our Prairie Queen" be amply realized!

Youth, health, enthusiasm; ambition to know, coupled with eager delight in simple existence; effusive, contagious jollity, alternating with a seriousness and knowingness suggestive of the two eternities—one eternity just a little back, the other, in youth's eyes, so far ahead! Within the whole range of observation what more interesting than this transition period from girlhood to womanhood!

The plainest girl's face upon which God has written—

"Sweet records, promises as sweet,"—

is a revelation of the marvelous persistency with which the great Source of Goodness and Power maintains his hold upon a world seemingly given over to selfishness and sin. And when, to this largess of youth, the gift of beauty is added, young womanhood walks in a cloud of glory, half worshiped of men and attended by admiring friends of her own sex. Yes, "of her own sex," for it is a libel on womanhood,—that oft-quoted saying that "one woman cannot forgive another for being beautiful." The most generous admirers of beauty in woman are plain women possessed of discernment fine enough to see in beauty an outward symbol or expression of an inward ideal of soul symmetry,—an ideal firmly held despite the soul deformities that are everywhere very much in evidence. Notwithstanding the sorry fact that beauty of face oft covers hideous selfishness and still more hateful lust, the world will not let go the tradition which Spenser put into words:—

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light.  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
With cheerful grace and amiable sight:  
For of the soul the body form doth take:  
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

We all insistently hold to the scripture that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and as such reveals the nature of the soul it harbors. Were one to enter any Christian church and find in progress the rights and ceremonies of



pagan worship, he could not be more rudely shocked than the reader may at some time have been on finding that someone, richly endowed with physical beauty, had proven false or base. When Ferdinand came upon Titania on her island home, profoundly impressed with the young man's comeliness, she frankly thought aloud, exclaiming "Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple!" The beautiful women who rule the world, with sway so gentle that all of us rejoice in qualified subjection, are under a peculiar burden of responsibility. Their power for good or evil is so great that, even indirectly, they are continually originating soul activities which tend to either increase or decrease the general store of happiness and of good. Therein lies the moral responsibility of beauty. Then there is the æsthetic phase of the question, one of great importance to the race. It is the duty and privilege of those richly endowed with grace of form and feature to maintain in every walk of life the grand old tradition that beauty is the gift of God, and that it is the reasonable service of the beautiful to keep the temple pure and holy,—wholly free from contamination of sordid selfishness and every form of baseness.

But beauty is a relative term. When that term is applied to an actress on the stage it has little or no reference to the woman behind the stage make-up. When applied to a young girl, standing upon the threshold of womanhood, it has reference to contour and color and sparkle and suggestion of the higher beauty which character writes upon the face of true womanhood. Applied to that highest type of beauty, the beauty of character matured, the beholder is stirred with renewed consciousness of the immanence of God—God in the soul. Ignoring defects of outline and the loss of color and sparkle, looking reverently upon silvered hair and the bent form and into eyes that tell their own story of temptations surmounted, trials bravely borne, soul rest attained, and heaven al-

ready a possession, we come to see new meaning in Spenser's Platonism:

"All that's good is beautiful and fair."

\* \* \*

WITH the present number closes the first year of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. From its very inception its publisher was compelled to face the fact of a business upheaval amounting almost to a commercial revolution. His encouragement lay in the fact that the people of the midland field, aroused as never before by the healthful stimulus of the Columbian Exposition, were fast becoming conscious of the rare possibilities for their region and for their several localities. THE MIDLAND has at least made good its promise of a year ago. It has progressed with steadily increasing momentum. It remains for the many and widely scattered friends of this representative of midland culture and literary aspiration to say, by their effort or non-effort in its behalf, whether THE MIDLAND MONTHLY shall become a great and increasingly helpful factor in the problem of midland development, or shall remain stationary or move forward with only lagging steps.

\* \* \*

WE CAN learn something even from the wisdom of the prize-ring, disgusting as ring exhibitions of brutality are. One of its aphorisms is that the man who can't be hit can't be whipt. Keep your character invulnerable, and the world, the flesh and the devil can't down you.

\* \* \*

INCREASED attendance at most of our midland colleges is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

\* \* \*

CHRISTMAS is meaningless if it be not in the heart. This Christmas number of THE MIDLAND is purposely not filled with pictured angels and vain repetitions of the dear old story of Bethlehem. It is given over, rather, to the Christ idea and suggestions of the Christ life. We would, at least in some small degree, make home sweeter, children happier, men and women in middle life more helpful, and old age serener.



## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

**M**EDIAEVAL Europe\* (814-1300), by Ephraim Emerton, Ph. D., Professor of History in Harvard University, is a valuable contribution to the general stock of knowledge concerning that most confusing period in the world's history unscientifically and yet persistently called the Middle Ages. That term, Middle Ages, by common consent of historians, includes at least ten centuries, extending from the sixth to the sixteenth, and by some would be extended backward and forward two or three centuries further. The author of the book before us confines himself to the very heart of this mediæval period—the five centuries extending from the death of Charlemagne (A. D. 814) to, and well into, the thirteenth century. The story begins with the end of that transition period to which Charlemagne's career so much contributed, and has to do with the new institutions, such as the new feudal society, the Roman church system, the theological control of learning, the rise of cities as a power in affairs, and other new influences then at work upon the soul, mind, and life of Europe. These five hundred years certainly have a marked character. The death of Charlemagne was a crisis in the affairs of Europe. The Holy Roman Empire, builded to last forever, crumbled and almost fell when the personality of its great founder was removed by death. But under the powerful rule of Otto I. and Conrad II. and other wise rulers, and despite the folly of many unwise ones, it regained its strength and, alternately aided by and arraigned against the papacy, it maintained its existence through all sorts of complications, even down to the advent of Napoleon I.

"Mediæval Europe" has several points in its favor. Its author, while not disdaining traditions and legends, has carefully separated them from chronicles and from history proper. In this he does well, for by a wise use of tradition and legend the historian throws many a valuable side-light upon history. The work is carefully indexed for reference, and its bold-face side-heads serve to direct the eye at once to the paragraph sought. The sixteen chapters, extending over about six hundred pages, begin with the formation of the European states, take the reader over a dreary waste of years from the first empire to the great struggle between Church and State, the conflict of the investiture. The papal triumph over

Frederic II., the Crusades, the growth of the French monarchy, the new intellectual life, feudal institutions, the rise of the middle and lower classes and their organization and the nature and extent of the ecclesiastical system are then severally taken up and presented with a masterly grasp of the history of that confusing period and of the philosophy underlying that history.

Theodor Storm's popular "Geschichten aus der Tonne,"\* or, freely translated, Stories told in a Cask, has been given to the American student of German, by Professor Charles F. Brusie, of Kenyon College, in a most helpful and gratifying form. The text is supplemented by copious notes straightening out the crooked ways of German dialogue and narrative. These tales, three in number, have the same subtle charm as Storm's poetry possesses, a simple, child-like tenderness, coupled with mature judgment and strong feeling. These tales were first named "Drei Märchen," and it is doubtful whether anything was made by the change of name. The new name is thus explained by the author. His cleverest playmate, "Hans Rauben," the cobbler's son, used to entertain him by the hour, the two seated inside a great cask, with a hand lantern to see by and the entrance closed up with boards. The flow of imagination and of words was better in this secret place. After a seance thus passed together there was a radiance on the faces of these imaginative boys which was not of this world. Hans, in his old age, became a pauper. Whenever his old-time auditor would meet him on the street the two would nod, and Hans' brown eye would light up roguishly as if to say, "Do you remember—ah, we two only know—how we used to hide in the old cask?" The three stories are, "Die Regentrude (the Rain Frau)," Buleman's Haus (House), and "Der Spiegel des Cyprianus" (Cyprian's Mirror).

"More Memories by Dean Hole"† is the cover title of a new book by one of England's most interesting personalities. These memories, as the title page informs us, are "Thoughts about England spoken in America." The very Reverend S. Reynold Hole, is now in this country on a lecture tour. His book is written in charmingly easy and suggestive style, a style more popular here than in England. It covers a wide range of thought.

\*Ginn & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

\*Ginn & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.  
†Macmillan & Co., Publishers, N. Y., \$2.25.

## MIDLAND PORTFOLIO. VI.

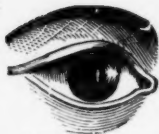
TOM DRAKE LOCKMAN.

Tom Drake Lockman, the subject of this sketch, is a genuine Iowa coin of the denomination frequently encountered in the older portions of the state. He was born thirty-five years ago on a splendid blue-grass farm adjoining the town of Drakeville, in Davis county. His mother, when a child, sat on the knee of Chief Black Hawk in Fort Madison, in 1837. It is related that the old chief on his return from a visit at Washington with the Great Father (General Jackson) brought home a tailor-made suit of clothes, presented to him by the President. He offered to trade these to the parents for "Little Nan," whose long, curly hair he greatly admired. He refused to believe there was good sense in their argument when they declined the offer, and seemed to question the sincerity of their avowed friendship. Mr. Lockman's grandfather came to Iowa in the fall of '47, and settled on the land which has been the family home ever since. His father was the only boy in the family. On the south side of the farm on Fox River was an abundance of good rail-timber. The oldest citizens say Tom's father was one of the best choppers in the county in those days. He made his rails and hewed his logs, paid his debts and added to his acres. He and "Little Nan" are there yet to welcome the scattered children home, where they come on their frequent visits to the best and brightest spot on earth. In 1874 we find Tom behind the counter in his father's store in Drakeville. In 1876 he took a course in a commercial college and in the fall of that year he entered the employment of The First National Bank of Albia as messenger, etc. He was elected assistant cashier in 1881 and cashier and director in 1885. He has climbed all the steps of the stairs in



TOM DRAKE LOCKMAN.

country banking, and we find him now at the manager's desk, overflowing with good health, prosperous, contented and happy. His business record is the history of the bank, his ambition is its continued successful career, and he is willing that his epitaph shall get its complimentary phrases from his continued record as one who "pays a hundred cents on the dollar." He is noted for liberality toward every enterprise which he thinks will be of advantage to Albia and Monroe county. Somehow, adventurers do not like him! His judgment of human nature seems almost phenomenal, and the efforts of his opponents often result in making him friends. Banking is his profession. He gives it all his energy. He runs no "side shows." He is a good "brother" in every way and is fraternal to the last degree. An enthusiastic member of the Iowa Bankers' Association, he loves to go once a year to see the faces of those whose autographs grow more familiar from year to year as business increases. He was elected vice-president of the association for the sixth congressional district for 1889-90. He is now its treasurer.



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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

Among the superb attractions of the January MIDLAND are the following: A story, "The Prisoner," written for this magazine by *Octave Thanet*; an illustrated sketch, "Octave Thanet at Home," by Mary J. Reid; an Oriental legend, "The Gold of Ophir," by Ben al Hassan, founded upon the story of the building of Solomon's temple; "Two Men and a Madonna," by Marie Edith Baynon, a Manitoban author's debut in the States; "Jerry Walton's Prospect," a mining-camp story of '49, by John F. Mason; and a chapter of midland history by Hon. George F. Parker, United States consul at Birmingham, England, one of the ablest men in public life.

Mr. Franklyn W. Lee of St. Paul, poet, story-writer, playwright and journalist, has made a hit with his farce comedy, "The Star Gazer," with Joe Ott as the star. He has written a story for THE MIDLAND.

Due credit should be given the Tabor Photographic Company (or "Tabor," as the great San Francisco photographer is everywhere known,) for the artistic and finely developed photographs from which were obtained the two illustrations of Hamlin Garland's description of "Mount Shasta" in the present number.

Do you want to see still more improvement in THE MIDLAND? Induce your neighbors to take the magazine and we'll do the rest.

THE MIDLAND is promised an illustrated sketch of a recent visit to the picturesque home of the Swiss patriot, Andreas Hofer, by the talented Amatie Hofer, one of the editors and publishers of the *Kindergarten Magazine* and of various kindergarten publications.

Isadore Baker, author of the beautiful sonnet on love's immortality entitled "Venus," in the November MIDLAND, is a resident of Iowa City, not of Eagle Grove.

Professor Whitcomb of Highland Park College has contributed to a future MIDLAND a choice story of German student life, with illustrations.

Congressman Dolliver promises contributions for the MIDLAND during the coming year.

The poetry of travel—the realization of a lifetime of dreaming—is offered the midland public by the Mediterranean and Oriental Winter Excursion. Read their MIDLAND announcement on the upper half of the first inside cover.

The prize story, poems and descriptive papers are still under consideration but will appear in the January number. We can assure the readers that a rare treat will be provided them by the great unknowns.

"Trilby" has made the pretty foot again the "the thing" in a woman's make-up. Haven't you sent for that illustrated circular of the Ingalls-Chapman Company, Des Moines? It is sent free in response to a postal-card or letter request for it. It has much that ladies who would dress their feet artistically will be interested to see. Send for it.

### "THE LAST WAR GOVERNOR."

You will be pleased, I am sure, to correct the statement of Col. Keatley, in your November number, that the late Andrew G. Curtin was "the last War Governor." Alexander Ramsey, the War Governor of Minnesota, is happily still living, a resident of St. Paul and in good health. He was our War Governor until 1863, when he was elected to the United States Senate. Governor Ramsey was in the city of Washington when Fort Sumpter was surrendered to the rebels and his tender of one thousand troops from Minnesota was made in person on the morning of April 14, and accepted on the spot, it being the day before the official call for troops was issued. An account of the circumstances will be found on page two of the first volume of the official war history of Minnesota—"Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars, 1861-1865"—which, as well as the second volume, should be in the library of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

C. C. ANDREWS,  
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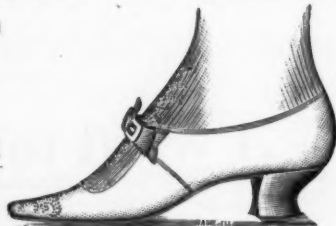


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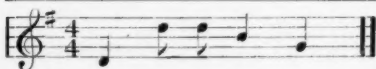
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As it was not entered for exhibition until late in September, the Judge of Awards thought it was too late for competition, but finally promised to "send a committee around to look at it." The committee came and the Duplex carried off the highest honors, both medal and diploma, and in giving reasons therefor the committee stated the superior points of the Duplex in a nut-shell:

*First.* It is an ingenious attempt to double the speed now attained by capable operators on the typewriter.

*Second.* This machine can print two letters at one time, any two different letters of the alphabet at the same instant, and as quickly as one letter can be written by other typewriters. This is consequent on having an alphabet for each hand, hence permitting both hands always to be at work.

*Third.* It has a double center or two points of contact for type and paper.

*Fourth.* It is strongly built with great probability of long service in office work.

The above points of excellence are not common to other typewriters, hence the highest award was given the Duplex in recognition of its superior construction and mechanism which give to it a capacity for durability and speed 100 per cent greater than that of other machines, and that makes it possible for an operator to write from dictation an average of ten letters for every second of time,—a speed greater than that attained by the average shorthand writer.

An opportunity to exhibit the Duplex was all that was necessary to launch it on the market. The company has received applications for agencies from all parts of the United States and from foreign countries. Dealers have been appointed in several large cities and many others applying for the agency cannot yet be supplied. It is everywhere admitted to be the best and fastest typewriter in the world. Two of the machines manufactured by this company are used by employees of THE MIDLAND. Many of the best firms in Des Moines and other cities bear testimony to their superior qualities. These typewriters were invented in Des Moines and have been developed and are manufactured almost exclusively with Iowa capital,—the company including some of the best business men in the state.

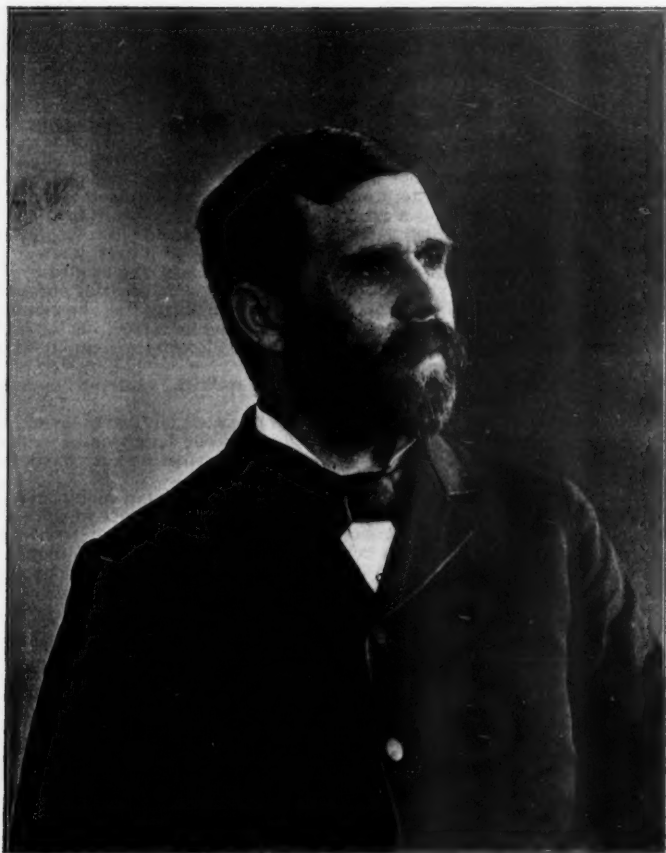
A cut of the Duplex is herewith presented, and we are sure that all Iowans will rejoice that this western enterprise has passed so successfully through the experimental stage into a profitable trade and with great promise for the future.

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We present the portrait of a man who has built up in our midst one of the most reliable and successful life insurance companies in the country, Mr. C. E. Rawson, of the Des Moines Life Association. Five years ago, Mr. Rawson undertook to carry out his ideas concerning life insurance by reorganizing the Des Moines Life on its present plan. At that time it had but 480 members; it now has over 8,000, with \$11,000,000 of insurance in force. It started out to write \$5,000,000 of insurance in 1894, and it is going to do it. It has paid \$75,000 in death losses so far for 1894, paying every claim promptly and in full, and has not a death claim standing on its books due and unpaid. It will also nearly if not quite double its securities with the Auditor of State, amounting to \$100,000, thus doubling the security to policy-holders. One splendid feature of this Association is, that while its assets have increased 1,200 per cent during the past five years, its expense rate has been kept down to the minimum. Such great care is exercised in selecting risks that the death rate has retrograded rather than accelerated as would naturally be expected.

The "Rawson System," justly so called in honor of the president and general manager, whose rare business sagacity and energy have brought the Association up to its present standard, while it avoids the excessive rates charged by the old line companies, does not go to the other extreme and offer insurance below cost. The Des Moines Life has no cheap insurance to sell, but it has good insurance at the cheapest possible rates. It writes its policies on the natural or flexible plan, and is the only company in Des Moines that writes a joint policy covering the life of both husband and wife. This is a feature of great strength and popularity, and one especially commended to the attention of the lady readers of this magazine. Every prudent wife and mother should call upon or write to Mr. Rawson for a description of this new and excellent innovation in life insurance.

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Mr. Rawson has accomplished wonders and the success of the Des Moines Life has been phenomenal. In his work he has been greatly aided by his estimable wife, the secretary of the company, and one of the best posted women on life insurance in the country. Mrs. Rawson has shared with her husband the toil and labor incident to the successful upbuilding of the Association, and enjoys with him the fruits of their labors in their beautiful home, "The Oaks," in this city, so widely noted for its charm of elegance and hospitality.

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Edited by ALBERT SHAW

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**Current History in Caricature** chronicles the month's history through the picturesque means of the successful cartoons that are appearing throughout the world.

Other departments review carefully new books, give lists and indexes of all articles in the world's magazines, and furnish a terse daily record of current events.



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## THE CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR'S MIDLAND.

The Christmas number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY (the December number) will demonstrate to the most skeptical that the new representative of Midland thought and life has decided to live—and grow.

The New Year's number (January, 1895) will be at least equally as attractive as this number. The first place in the first number of THE MIDLAND's first volume was fittingly accorded the first Iowa authoress in sustained ability, Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet). We are happy to announce that the first place in the first number of the third volume (the New Year number) will be given a story written for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, entitled "The Prisoner," by Octave Thanet. This number will also contain an interesting sketch, "Octave Thanet at Home," illustrated with a new

view of Miss French's Iowa home and of her Arkansas home, with a portrait of Miss French and her friend, Mme. Blanc.

Hon. George F. Parker, United States consul at Birmingham, England, one of America's ablest authors, will contribute a Historical Review of Western Progress in Fifty Years. This paper will be accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Parker.

We might mention various other features,—THE MIDLAND War Sketches and MIDLAND social Sketches among the number, which will run through these numbers, besides that most artistic serial of the year, "Beatrice," by Alice Ilgenfritz Jones.

Begin your subscription with the December number, and send THE MIDLAND to your friends as a Christmas present. On receipt of \$1.50, we will mail you a receipt for THE MIDLAND to January, 1896.

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## STRONG AT HOME.

HOW THE PRESS OF IOWA REGARD IT—A VERY FEW OF THE VERY MANY OPINIONS IN ITS PRAISE.

What Mr. J. S. CLARKSON, who has been spending a few days in Des Moines, and who has always been ready to encourage every good undertaking of this kind, said of the magazine after examining the November number may be quoted here, effectively and appropriately. "*It is the best evidence of civilization,*" he said, "*which Iowa and the northwest have presented to the world.*" Of late the magazine has come to be looked upon as the literary exponent of this section. It is ranked with the *Southern Magazine* and the *Overland Monthly* as the promulgator of representative American literature.

With the next number the first year of its existence will be closed. It promises to be a brilliant close of the year's work. The *Register* has often called attention to its deserts, not only at the hands of literary people, but business people. It is not only a good garden for budding genius to begin to grow in, but for advertisers who want to reach thousands of the better class of readers in this section. Mr. Johnson Brigham has made a success of the first year. *THE MIDLAND will live, but the people immediately around it should*

*help it to grow as rapidly as possible.*—Iowa State Register.

The publisher's prospectus comes to us with gratifying assurance of the increasing prosperity of this splendid young representative of midland literature. It has been so ably conducted that it has become indispensable to the people of the west, and particularly the people of Iowa; and they are showing their appreciation in a practical way.

The people of the west are already under heavy obligations to THE MIDLAND for its vigorous contributions to midland thought; but they owe a generous share of it to themselves more than to the magazine. *If the West is to have a voice in the world's best thought, it must be through THE MIDLAND and kindred publications. Manifestly, the thing for Iowa people to do is to give THE MIDLAND such support as will give it strength and prestige.*—Des Moines Daily News.

Its term as a probationer is ended. It has steadily improved from the start. There is a certain attractive, folksy, practical element about it that commends it. —Rockford Register.

## FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

THE MIDLAND, THE MAGAZINE SUCCESS OF THE YEAR.

Many of us Easterners, who are devoted to magazine literature, are not aware that out of the West some of our brightest literary people and their works are coming. Among the new magazines, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, published at Des Moines, Iowa, by Johnson Brigham, is fast nearing the front rank. It is devoted principally to writers of the central states, but the names of some of our leading men can be found on its list of contributors. The great midland region, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, is a vast field, but intelligence, energy and enterprise can safely set about the good work of writing the beauties of scenery, romance of people and incidents of life of this region and holding not only a circulation in these parts, but also in the East and the West, for all of us desire to know our friends everywhere. James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes are subjects of two excellent articles in the November number, while "The Great Devastation" is one of the best articles I have seen on the recent great storm in northern Iowa and Minnesota.—Notes and Comments, Boston Traveler.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, edited and published at Des Moines by Johnson Brigham, is steadily improving in the quality of its reading matter. The aim of this

publication is to reflect the thought and life of the middle west, and it has already discovered a number of new and promising writers.—Indianapolis News.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is still publishing the "Beatrice" of Alice Ilgenfritz Jones, a story which is growing in dramatic power and intensity, and is a delightful novel altogether.—Chicago Herald.

The publisher of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, of Des Moines, announces that the fiscal year of that bright publication closes with a record of real success. This is something interesting, in view of the fact that THE MIDLAND was cradled in a year of business depression and financial disaster which wrecked many older journals. The business and editorial management must have been good to have achieved such results. The magazine has certainly improved steadily in literary quality.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for November is a very readable issue. One of its illustrated contributions is a touching account of the recent tornado in Iowa, under the title, "A Story of Devastation."—Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

THE MIDLAND is doing a good work for the great section it represents.—San Francisco Traveler.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOUR CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE THIRD QUARTERLY COMPETITION.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers a special prize to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

*A New Prize.*—For the best *Original Descriptive Paper*, with accompanying Photographs or Drawings, or both, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Story of any length* a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Short Story or Sketch*, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

For the two best *Original Poems* occupying not more than a page of this magazine, a cash prize of \$5.00 each will be awarded.

*This contest is open to all yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. It will close December 30, 1894.* It will be followed by other special announcements.

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MS., that there may be no misunderstanding.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any one subscriber may enter any number of contributions. The names of contributors will be withheld from the judges and the names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public.

*A Weekly Feast to Nourish Hungry Minds.—N. Y. Evangelist.*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Over half a century has passed since its first number appeared, and now, as it enters its **52d year**, it still maintains the high standard of literary excellence which has characterized it from the beginning.

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**INDISPENSABLE** to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events of intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in one's self or one's family general intelligence and literary taste.

A **NEW SERIES** was begun with the first number of its **200th Volume**, January 1st, 1894. With it were begun entirely new tales, already embracing three *Copyrighted Serials*, from the pens of noted **French and German** novelists; and shorter stories by prominent foreign authors. Below are named some of the many eminent authors already represented in this, the sixth, series.

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